

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's



MAY 31, 1982

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ASSAULT ON THE FALKLANDS





The butler did it.

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

MAY 31, 1983 VOL. 35 NO. 22



A new Queen Nancy ruckus

A kin on the hand may be quite continental, but U.S. First Lady Nancy Reagan has just discovered that diamonds are not always a girl's best friend.

—Page 44



Some heart for hard times

Long touted as "the movie for the '80s," John Huston's *Amadeus* delivers a tribute to the powerful optimism during tough times in the director's first colour tour.

—Page 57

COVER

Assault on the Falklands

Shrugging off the losses of a landing severely contested by Argentine aircraft—one triplane sunk, and at least four other vessels damaged—as many as 3,000 British assault troops prepared to move off the beaches and into battle. With the arrival of 3,500 fresh troops on the 402 reportedly imminent, the Argentine position appeared to be deteriorating.

—Page 22



CONTENTS

Arts	8
Art	62
Behaviour	72
Books	54
Business	40
Canada	13
Environment	20
Film	57
For the Record	56
Fatheringham	64
Labor	46
Letters	4
Newman	3
Passages	4
People	44
Sports	26
Theatre	62
World	29



A decision edged in black

Bryan Peckford revives an old New-foundland custom and declares the whole province is mourning over Ottawa's latest gambit to chip in the offshore oil.

—Page 47



Labor against the ropes

If labor remains committed to a defiant stand against wage concessions, it is likely to find itself on a collision course with recession-wrecked industry.

—Page 46



Oil-spill specialists, like the above photo depicts, are the top priority in the Gulf of Mexico. Photo by AP/Wide World.

heavy oil areas of western Canada. They're building a major Canadian presence in research and development for new ways to find more energy and to get more out of what has already been found.

That's why so many new customers have been coming into neighbourhood stations once the red and white Petro-Canada sign appears. So, next time you need to fill up, try a Petro-Canada station. That's where we get something extra for our money—future oil and gas security. And we're all a part of that future. Every time we pull into a Petro-Canada station, we're pumping our money right back into Canada.



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Maclean's May 18, 1992

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EDITORIAL By Peter C. Newman



Arthur Erickson's lollipop: why he didn't make the cut

Canadian politicians are seldom bought—but occasionally they can be reeled.

That may be too harsh a judgment in the case now before Parliament concerning Pierre Trudeau's selection of the architect to build Canada's new embassy in Washington. Yet the evidence strongly indicates that the prime minister owed strictly to his long-standing friendship for Arthur Erickson, the Vancouver savant who was awarded the \$30-million contract to design the \$38-million structure that will be overlooked by the U.S. Capitol.

Erickson, who has accompanied Trudeau on junkets to China, Tibet and Saudi Arabia, and who designed the 1970s private office, confessed to *The Globe and Mail* that he knew for at least two years he "would have the job." Trudeau pre-emptively overruled the selection committee appointed by his own government to recommend the best-qualified person for the assignment. "The selection process as outlined by the government itself," says Erickson, "was the worst under-servicing of state for external affairs who headed that committee," "was that we would come up with three or four names, and they would make the final selection. Our recommendations were totally ignored."

Erickson, one of this country's most distinguished diplomats, is no innocent in the ways of Washington, having spent 15 years there in the Canadian foreign service, nearly six of them as ambassador. (Ironically, he knew personally some of the 21 competing designers except for Erickson, when he had once met at a party given by Yousaf Karaki.)

"An embassy is not like designing an auditorium or a world's fair pavilion," Ritchie told Maclean's. "It's a functional building and we were mostly interested in the approach and the way the winning architect would devote to the project. In his testimony Erickson admitted that he dreams up most of his designs while flying on intercontinental jets. At various times he named three different associates of his firm who would do the actual, detailed design." (Erickson had already offered the job to Charles Gaird, who had meanwhile left the firm for a competitor.)

"It didn't strike us," Ritchie told Maclean's, "that Erickson could give this undertaking the time and attention it deserved."

The incident strikes at the very heart of the tradition that in the past has allowed public servants to offer unbiased advice. (Erickson, incidentally, is bound to suffer in the end. No matter how beautiful an embassy he comes up with, he will always have to live with the knowledge that he was awarded the job not on the basis of his architectural talents, but as a political lollipop.)

It is difficult not to agree with Richard Zeidler, the Toronto architect who ranked first in the list of four finalists. "You have to set up a system that doesn't depend on blatant patronage. This kind of thing is not acceptable in a democracy."

Maclean's May 18, 1992



Underpaid doctors?

Although I read your May 17 *Health* article *The Expensive Cross in Medicine*, I confess that I still do not understand the doctors' complaints. I would appreciate it if someone would explain to me why some doctors feel underpaid at a newly negotiated average income of \$122,000 (in three years) in Ontario. Do we not deserve better than this from our doctors when the public guarantees that their fees are paid? And their education is substantial, that their operating facilities are paid for and that, for the most part, they are allowed a free hand in the conduct of their practice of medicine?

—E. WHITE
Saskatoon, Sask.

More dollars should be directed to keeping people well and preventing illness. As for underfunded hospitals, how much each doctor paying \$160 a year to use the facilities of a hospital? There is no reason why a doctor's income and his/her family, complete with staff, should be free. The money could be made up in 10 half-centuries behind us!

—CLARA OTTE
Windsor, Ont.

U.S. voters may see the light

Regarding Allan Fotheringham's May 16 column on U.S. Ambassador Paul Robinson: Reagan has a propensity for popping off first, then standing his ground afterwards, and this shows in many of his appointments if you will bear with us until 1984, perhaps that one-half of the voters in the United States who did not go to the polls in 1980 will see the light and do better next time.

—EUGENE HUBBARD
Rosedale, Mich.

The Iran/Iraq conflict

Your story *Iran Wants a Peace Offer* (World, May 17) portrays the popular current in the Middle East as a conflict between destructive Shi'ites and Sunnis. The deprived Shi'ite majority of Lebanon has severed Shi'ite ties from those of the Iraqis. The Iraqi president is an acknowledged would-be assassin (*Weekend*, June 30, 1980) with a criminal record that includes the murder of his son, a school principal and a law student—not to mention those who died at his hands when he headed a torture team in 1962.

—ALAN KEEN AL-DIN
Brampton, Ont.



Shilling nurses: Barbara goes militant

Investing in our economic future

In *Putting the Economy on Hold* (Canada, May 16), you reported that 62 per cent of Canadian Chamber of Commerce businessmen, if could provide some measure of improvement for our economic picture. But a bank's bank, and big business has no social conscience.

—B. MCWILLIAMS
White Rock, B.C.

Prattling or articulation?

In the *Profile of Le Devoir's* new editor-in-chief, Lisa Rousselle (A First Voice in Quebec, May 17), your writer states, "...her usual level of breathless talk that would make his prattle if it were not so articulate." Perhaps if the writer looked more often beyond this stereotype of the prattling woman, he might find that many women are articulate and, yes, thoughtful and intelligent. This underestimating comment had no place in the story.

—SARAH E. DETATTE
Montreal, Ont.

Contempt for moral standards

While the whole Trudeau-Trudeau case tells us nothing new about Prime Minister Trudeau's contempt for the normal way of doing things (Thursday, May 16), it certainly tells us a lot about the eminent Mr. Erickson.

—CHRISTINE SPANER
Calgary Co., N.S.

PASSAGES

JAILED: International film star Sophia Loren, 47, for a 1983 \$7,000 tax evasion charge, after being convicted in 1980 by an Italian court. Loren, who is serving a 30-day term in the prison of Cassino near her home town of Naples, blames her plight on an error by her tax specialist. She has returned to Italy after a two-year absence—to "see my mother, my country and my roots"—and to serve her time.

CONFESSION: The founder and leader of the Unification Church, Rev. Sun Myung Moon, 66, of filing false income tax returns, by a jury in New York City. The controversial cult's church leader, who has a global following estimated at three million, sat stunned as he was found guilty of conspiring to evade taxation of some \$162,000 in personal income between 1973 and 1975.

ANNOUNCED: The eight winners of the Governor General's literary awards for 1981. For English-language works, author Nevil Gifford won the fiction award, constitutional specialist F.R. Scott received the prize for poetry, playwright Sherar Bullock captured the drama award, and wildlife biologist George Cole, the nonfiction prize. In the French categories, novelist Denys Chabot won the fiction award, astronomer Marie Lagoye was given the drama prize, Michel Desroches was recognized for poetry, while editor Madeleine Gauthier-Michalska received the nonfiction award.

APPOINTED: Former Liberal cabinet secretary Jack Horner, 54, as chairman of Canadian National Railways. A Tory for 19 years, Horner moved the Commons floor in 1977 to join the Liberal party and was appointed to the cabinet. Horner defended his defection as an attempt "to make certain Alberta voters will be heard loud and clear at the cabinet table" but was promptly drummed out of politics by angry voters in the next election.

CONVICTED: Gerald Falowski, 34, and Antonio Muscarello, 38, of extortion and conspiracy to extort \$88,000 from offshore playboy John Boyden McCannell, 34, by Montreal Judge Kenneth Mackay. The highly publicized story of the rickshaws of McCannell, a man the judge described as "a somewhat overindulged, spoiled and rather very glib little stage" began when Falowski lured out girl Leslie Lerman, 31, to solitary confinement and then gave to the wife of a jealous underworld figure. McCannell turned to Falowski for help and agreed to pay to soothe the fictionist's own feelings.

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Flows in the Canadian psyche

As an individual who has been subjected to manually motivated assault on the streets of downtown Toronto, I found *Warning Up the Welfare Post* by Terence Macartney-Flanagan (Poliara, May 16) to be of unusual interest. His analysis very accurately pinpoints the major flows in the Canadian psyche—the refusal to face squarely and deal with its fears, insecurities, dependencies and hatreds. Yes, racism is alive and well in Canada. Many of us experience it to hypervision and vituperation in

our everyday lives. How wonderful and realistic it would be if our religious, educational, business and political leaders would support the stand taken by your writer. —WILLIAM A. HUBBARD, President, National Black Coalition of Canada, Willowdale, Ont.

I very strongly believe that immigrants to my country should begin a process of assimilating as quickly as possible into the cultural mosaic. Canada has become a haven for ungrateful, squawking misanthropes who trumpet their differences

as a badge of honor and serious discrimination at any remark or gesture that offends their sensitive minds. As Canada exists today, the problem will grow worse in the future. —STEVE GILMAN, Toronto

A final unconventional gesture

Your readers may be interested to know that the "sheep of course" I observed from the gallery in the House of Lords on March 26 (*The Constitution: A Rough Passage Home*, Canada, April 6) was, in fact, a five-page legal opinion by Prof. James Fawcett, former fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, and three-time president of the European Commission of Human Rights. It pointed out that provisions of the Canada Bill, which the Lords were about to pass in third reading, ran directly counter to the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights, a covenant both Canada and Britain have ratified. It was this perplexing fact that I had made the subject of my speech to the Lords. After many months of perambulating conventional communications with members of the Commons and the Lords, I don't think it is quite fair to imply that my final unconventional gesture was that of a "crack." —MICHAEL WOLF, London, England

War in the Falklands

This letter refers to the many articles you have printed concerning the Falklands crisis. The war in the Falklands puts out that even such a major world power as Britain will defend some casualties against a loss for valuable life. It is unfortunate that current popular opinion has treated this bloody conflict as a game. It would be apparent to everyone that war is a tragic consequence of political (human) blindness. Let Us Forget.

—GEORGE CORDEIRO, Bensenville, Ont.

The crowd that is wagging its fingers at the evil junta governing Argentina must really be thick-skulled. That is the same gang who just a short while ago was making deadly profits selling arms and nuclear reactors to prop up its dictators. That these offspring of the incision were torturing and killing political prisoners apparently was of no consequence. Now that they are trying to swipe the Falkland Islands from Britain, justice must rule the masses.

—NATHAN GILMAN, Montreal

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply name, address and telephone number. Best correspondence is letters to the Editor, Maclean's, Magazine, 1 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5W 1A7.

The survival of Dome Petroleum

Russell Zwarg refers to my January speech to security analysts in New York City in his May 7 *Business article* on Dome Petroleum, *Smoking Jack* Richardson, a *Son of Trouble*. She says that when I told the analysts that "Dome was teetering on the brink of bankruptcy" they "reacted with surprise and some incredulity." That certainly was the reaction of some Canadian analysts. The American analysts were not surprised. Indeed, I was surprised at how penetrating their assessment of Dome's position was. Be the reaction what it may, my reason for using the Dome case was to indicate the dangerous shortcomings of both the current subjective economics and what passes for security analysis. The signatures of our leading brokers, accounting firms and bankers are all over the many financial papers involved in Dome's dealings over the past few years. Not one of these papers raises the question of whether or not Dome could afford whatever its latest move was. The current question raised by objective economics is not, was Dome Petroleum viable? It is, can Canada's big five banks survive Dome Petroleum? —VIL ADEL, Toronto

Revolutionary contributions

Your article on David Horowitz, *A Member of Modern America* (Poliara, May 16), was of itself worth the price of at least one year's subscription to your magazine. These are the types of scenarios who most often have made the greatest contributions in the past.

—ROBERT LARSEN, Toronto

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A war for the Kremlin to savor

By Barbara Amiel

It was about 30°C when I was in Buenos Aires last December. Outside the Sheraton there was one of those omnipresent signs exhorting citizens to leave their prosperous hotel of Argentina. The message of the sign was underlined somewhat by the mud on the parking lot around it, the hotel to adjust the parking rates in chalk as a blackboard as the value of the peso fluctuated throughout the day. Along the streets of the best shopping district in Buenos Aires, the most active shops were the ones doing business in the foreign exchange market where knowing Argentinean pesos with an inflation rate of around 130 per cent by daily converting their money into the strongest currency around.

One man learns a fair bit about a country by talking to the right people. Over at the English-language *Buenos Aires Herald*, then Editor James Nielson recommended on the Argentine situation. "There are three kinds of currencies developed, underdeveloped and Argentinean." It was not simply a neat play on words. Argentina does defy standard analysis. What can you say about a country whose best fields rival the world's finest, whose agricultural resources seem infinite, a country that has a socialist regime (or did and is as well as one of the highest, most equitably spread per capita incomes in Latin America. At the same time, the country is governed by a military junta whose request for the abolition of free press is at least marginal.

"What," I asked Nielson, "is the prospect of Argentina ever returning to democracy?" He shrugged. "The military are negotiating with the political parties who are officially banned," he replied. "But if it is the elections, the Peronists, whose allegiance to democracy is neither fragile, will win. The only hope would be a constitution guaranteed by the military—and no one wants that."

It would be nice to report that we dismissed the question of the Falkland Islands. We did not. But Nielson put his finger on the problem anyway. "What the West doesn't understand," he said, "is that there is no cohesion between the armed forces here. They all operate independently of one another with the president nominally—and only nominally—ruling them." He showed me an article he had written proposing as a solution to the Argentine problem the

perthussing of the nation into areas ruled by the Peronists, the development of the radicals, the left, the Federalists, the *Blancos*, the *Montoneros* and—of course—the military. In writing of the military, Nielson had this to say: "There can be little doubt that the most appropriate place for them would be the South Channel Islands, of which there are, in a sense, of good fortune, three, giving each service an option. The military have already sworn to defend them and have already emphasized their strategic importance. The police military, however, would hardly be restricted to these small outposts, significant as they may be. So it should be extended to include Tierra del Fuego and the province of Santa Cruz as well. This would border the continental for Chile, be a small island's flight from the Malvinas, quite near Antarctica, and have plenty of room for various bomb tests, war games, the building of strategic industries and monumental

Under the skin, all authoritarian regimes, left or right wing, are the same in their admiration for force

structures, the holding of parades, fleet manoeuvres and gay parties."

This may sound a little over the top. However, I read in the British press of reports that Argentina intended to invade the Falklands. Later, after the fact, when intelligence sources from the United States were to see that Margaret Thatcher had been assured by Argentine President Galtieri that he could control the navy and stop the planned invasion, Nielson's comments about the independence of each of the armed forces seem fraught with prescience.

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James Fowler Junior High School Band "Music is an all-consuming thing"

By Brian D. Johnson

A well-polished bell clamped down on the dollar bill that a gust of wind had lifted out of Keith Clark's battered trumpet case and blown across the sidewalk. Clark, a bearded street musician wearing ripped sneakers and worn denim, didn't know what to make of the dagger gentleman who dropped the dollar bill onto his trumpet case. He was crisscrossed in a tan leather jacket and tailored cotton slacks, sunlight glinted off a diamond earring in his left earlobe.

"So, how's it going?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm a little strong out," replied Clark, a 30-year-old college graduate who has been in the street with his trumpet since mid-January after quitting a job wrapping bread in a bakery. Having once been ordered off the pavement and jailed by a police station cop, he was wary of this sophisticated stranger.

"How much money would you make out here in an afternoon with your trumpet?"

"Depends. Maybe \$10."

"Here's \$20. I want you to spend the rest of your day in there," the man said, pointing to the concrete bulk of the convention centre in Hamilton, Ont.

The average broadcaster was Bob Richmond, the 40-year-old president of the Canadian Stage Band Festival (CSBF), an annual jazz bazaar that drew more 2,000 high school and college musicians from across the country into five days of competition for gold, silver and bronze plaques at the convention centre this month. Richmond had reason to feel generous. He was celebrating the 10th anniversary of the CSBF, a festival that has grown dramatically each year to become "the biggest, best-kept secret in the country." And Richmond has a soft spot for trumpet players—he started out as one himself. Although he abandoned his trumpet to become a businessman, the promotional company that he runs is called *Trumpet One* Productions, and a large horn is embossed in gold on his business card.

When the street musician was asked about the convention centre, he found himself in a vast hierarchy of teenage musical talent: an array of vocal ensembles, jazz combos and, most impressive, big bands—just around the corner from gleaming brass bands, trombones and trumpets. He dashed their way through complex charts with breathtaking agility. The familiar image of the high school band as an embarrassing amalgam of waxy tunes and assembly routines no longer applies. While many schools still have concert orchestras that lumber through

the classics, snappy stage bands in the tradition of Glenn Miller and Count Basie are younger and more popular. Students who might be teased by Beethoven are embraced by the "groove" of jazz and swing, which require techniques that are useful on rock or pop and allow the free expression of improvised soloing. Since it was founded in 1973, the CSBF's league has swelled from 18 to 120 bands in 1983. The competition have band money of their own pres-

cient music "lessons."

For some of the concert musicians, the exciting thing about the festival is the instant summer-camp atmosphere—making water bombs and having pillow fights in the shade where the boys are allowed to roam. But most of them are riveted by the musical competition. "It's much like sports," says Richmond. "These kids want applause. You do well in a history exam and no one's going to applaud, but you get lightning bolts coming out of the end of your instrument and there's instant recognition." Indeed, the competition was so important that, after financial aid from a social club was cut off this year, 21 band members from Calgary's James Fowler Junior High School paid \$200 each from their own pockets to attend the festival and snag another gold award. "Music is an all-consuming thing for them," says their teacher, Geoff Phillips. "When you play, you have your end to the world."

Sometimes the nerves run high. When 17-year-old Diana Kirk sat down at the piano with the Nanaimo Roadshow Band, she felt shaky. One of 43 students who flew to the festival from Nanaimo, B.C., she had already secured a \$1,000 scholarship to Boston's prominent Berklee School of Music and had little reason to feel insecure.

"But when you're playing for the adjudicators, you're not playing for yourself," she explained later. "All you can think is, 'I want to play this night.'"

"There are no throw-

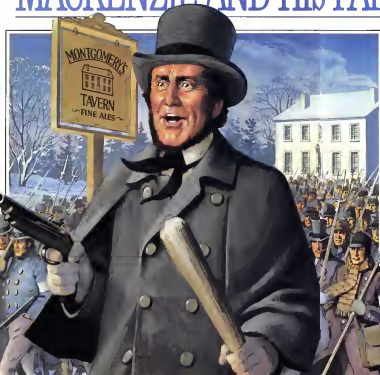
Richmond kids want applause



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It was December 1837. An angry and bitter William Lyon MacKenzie called on his followers to join him in rebellion against the "Family Compact" of Upper Canada.

His followers, expecting this to be merely another protest or demonstration, arrived with shovels and pitchforks at the local watering hole, Montgomery's Tavern.

However, as soon as the troops arrived, MacKenzie's rebels fled.

Rather than face the soldiers alone, MacKenzie made a quick exit to live in exile for the next twelve years.



Moral: Some people are never there when you need them.

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gains came down on the side of your head with an ugly stick." The judges take turns commenting on the performances. "Play less solo," *Kilometer* muses. "Smoozy Banks talks a Toronto head," Jan is a dirty, back-silly mom. This is the one place where we want you to be mean and nasty and filthy."

In general, however, the cheerleaders proved to be an exceptionally clean-cut bunch. Officials at the Hardhat Convention Centre had braced themselves somewhat apprehensively for an invasion of rowdy teenagers. But sniggering around the centre's broad-

loomed corridors and sliding up and down escalators was the closest anyone came to vandalism. Students with enough devotion to play jazz tend to be the academic scholars, the student council presidents and cavers-club enthusiasts, not the punks. Their hair is neither too long nor too short. If they talk about a Mohawk, it's not a mohawk but a schlonging to one of Canada's leading music colleges. And the only safety pins in sight are those attaching their name cards to their hand uniforms.

While many of the students appear

convention, they share an affinity with rock 'n' roll that older and more academic jazz enthusiasts would dismiss as naive. "I don't want to be just a jazz purist or a rock purist," says Collin Barrett, a 17-year-old bass player from Toronto's Westview Centennial High School who is fond of funk and reggae. "A lot of people in the school really hate jazz. One time I was in the washroom after we'd played a concert, and this guy comes up to me and says, 'Jazz sucks!'"

There was none of that kind of talk when Bob Richmond stood up to dish out the CCR awards. The applause and cheers that reverberated around the hall would have made a crowd of football fans sound tame by comparison. When the most coveted award in the entire big-band category was announced, pandemonium erupted. The gold plaque went to Niagara Falls, Ont.'s A.N. Myer Secondary School, and the outbreak of hugging, kissing, shrieking and weeping amongst the Myer contingent was reminiscent of Bestmans.

As the students were being swept away by the rush of competition, another, quite different, convention was taking place under the auspices of the CIBP. About 90 per cent of the market for brass and woodwind instruments lies in educational institutions, and each year the festival provides a strategic target for leading manufacturers. The deal works both ways. Richmond, himself a former marketing manager for Yamaha Canada Music Ltd., must raise two-thirds of the club's annual \$200,000 budget from private donations. (The rest comes from rallies, ticket sales and a brisk trade in cover paraphernalia including T-shirts, gold chains, pins, caps, mugs, key chains, belt buckles, buttons and doilies.) The instrument salesman were out in force at a three-hour \$50-a-plate luncheon staged by the CIBP and featuring pianist Oscar Peterson. By the time Peterson was at the piano, one salesman, subdued by red wine, was slumped over, fast asleep.

Later, Peterson talked about the "tremendous opportunities" that await a talented player. Ten only a fraction of students at the festival will survive the rigors of the industry to secure a niche in it. For the others, a blaring horn solo or a muted note will be just another part of growing up. As the victorious students from A.N. Myer loaded their equipment into a bus, Don Carmelate stood outside the comments on a note re-propping up someone's bass fiddle. "I don't like to brag or nothin'," he says, "but I got 100 per cent in Grade 11 theory." And what do you do with the victories? "I guess you just lock them away in the memory bank, wait for a rainy day and haul them out again." ☐

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CITY SCENE

Easier said than done

Joseph Lederman has the attitude to global hatred, war and destruction. And he wants to share it with Toronto. The key to achieving peace, says Lederman, is through Esperanto, the so-called neutral international language based on the Romance, Teutonic and Slavic language groups, invented in 1878 and struggling for a foothold ever since.

Though today about 10 million Esperantists from 88 countries center with Lederman (about 1,000 of whom will be attending the fifth annual World Esperanto Congress in Vancouver next year), he hasn't had much success in convincing Canadians. To date, there are only 2,000 Esperantists in Canada, about 400 of whom are in Metro Toronto.

"Many people wonder if because they say it's idealistic to have one universal language, or they know nothing of its existence," explains Lederman. "But to understand each other means peace—all the other languages have a people behind them and a history of war, hatred and domination."

A few weeks ago Lederman played an ad in the personal column of the Toronto Star. "Intellectuals take notice. Romantic philologists! Join me to learn Esperanto. 'When only cracks and holes are replied, he tried again, this time in the World Community News, an anti-war newspaper. "Much better response," says the diminutive, silver-haired Lederman. "It seems that all the intellectuals live in Ward."

His "trick" of one cent for every word learned attracted about 20 people, some of whom expected money up front. Lederman, who at 71 is as glib as he is kindhearted, opened his pocketbook and handed out the money at these rates: But a half-dozen respondents are now taking lessons from him. Says one student, Ingrid Van Kamela: "My interest is not in the money, but if he offers, then why should I not take it?"

Lederman, who with his wife lives modestly on a pension, says that because there are 100,000 speakers in Esperanto, it's possible he may have to pay someone up to \$2,000. Though he concedes he doesn't have "too many thousands," he insists it will be worth it if his initiative helps the cause of Toronto and the world find the answer to global strife. "There's no human condition—universal human brotherhood."

—VICTOR PADOA

CANADA

A conditional decision edged in black

By Randolph Joyner

Not for 25 years had a Newfoundland premier ruled as indignantly about federal Canadian paragonisms. Back in 1906, Joey Smallwood as good as fingered John Diefenbaker as the anticrist after the crusty Tory prime minister told the Commons that annual 80-centie catch-up payments granted Newfoundland under the famous Terms 20 of the 1949 Statute of Union would be cut off after 1982. Smallwood had the furies of all provincial buildings draped in black crepe and denounced Diefenbaker from the steps of the House of Assembly to a cheering mob of university students.

Last week the party labels were reversed, but the message was the same. "Culious and small cowardly, insulting," said Tory Premier Brian Peckford of the Trudeau government's surprise request of the Supreme Court of Canada to decide whether Ottawa, or Newfoundland over the 1982-83 federal rules out of St. John's. Peckford's government had referred the matter but more general question of who owns the natural resources of the whole Newfoundland continental shelf to Newfoundland's own highest court in February. Feeling about as welcome as Attila the Hun at a peace rally, Justice Minister Jean Chrétien flew in Wednesday to announce the move, telling a room full of reporters in St. John's that all companies exploring for hydrocarbons were "very soon" as who controls the offshore "and we must act to give them a firm legal basis on which to proceed."

"What a sight of a herd," Mr. Speaker What a trick!" snarled Peckford. The legislative chamber across town. "How can the [Supreme] Court of Canada rule on 1982-83 without ruling on the offshore?" The Trudeau government had brushed on Alaska and the Alaska pipeline until three major projects had collapsed and now, charged Peckford, "on the backs of tiny Newfoundland they want to resurrect their National Energy Program."

Opposition caucus leader Steve Sneyd could only echo that "we deplore the action of the federal government," nevertheless, it was "inevitable, inevitable."



Peckford wearing a slipping around the labels reversed, the message the same

able and unavertable" in the wake of Newfoundland's February reference to its own court.

At the offshore jurisdiction bombarded critical mass. Chrétien's ministerial pivotals. On Tuesday Chrétien had asked Opposition leader Joe Clark's angry allegation that the government was going to take the offshore

matched from the chamber by the argument-at-arms. There had been no misrepresentation, explained Trudeau publicly—rather had indeed made a "conditional decision" the previous morning (i.e., before Chrétien spoke) to go to the Supreme Court, which had not become effective until a Wednesday morning inter-occasion. The Liberal's slipping and shifting was a little too much not only for Peckford but also for the Toronto Globe and Mail. Trudeau was "pumping straight to the federal Supreme Court, as though he did not trust the provincial court to deal objectively with the matter."

In April, Peckford had swept an election on the single issue of Newfoundland's offshore claim, sold the Globe, and now "Mr. Trudeau attempts not only to win, but his people." Returning to the Commons Thursday, Chrétien called for a House committee to investigate whether or not Chrétien had just, if so, the parties should reconsider, if not, Chrétien would "I am quite prepared." Chrétien repeated with obvious misfit on national television, "in my mind on the line." Just occasionally but perhaps more significantly, between Newfoundland Liberal Senator Hume Cook

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voiced his protest, if the Trudeau move the same day by resigning from the Liberal party. And is the Ontario Christian Party itself left to swing in the wind, with no senior cabinet ministers to defend him except House Leader Yves Fauriol?

Late Wednesday afternoon, meanwhile, Peckford had impulsively declared the next day a provincial holiday, a day of mourning perhaps inspired by Quebec's day of mourning last month for the loss of her constitutionalists with *Quebecers' Sunset*, rather than mourning, and the traditionally anti-Peckford St. John's Board of Trade estimated that if the holiday were observed Newfoundland business stood to lose \$15-million in productivity. Under existing legislation, most wholesalers and



Christian. 'What a weight of hand! What a risk!'

retailers were supposed to close and employees had to work but paid overtime. However, two Labradorians not on compulsion said the holiday was not in their workers' collective agreements and so would be ignored. Government liquor stores closed, but supermarkets and beer stores stayed open. Provincial holidays lowered their three flags (Newfoundland, Canada, Union Jack) to half-staff, Newfoundland Television and CBC left their high. Peckford told an interviewer that he appreciated the inconvenience business was suffering but suggested the holiday was an expression of "history in the making in Newfoundland." The premier himself

went to the office on Thursday but cancelled the planned opening ceremonies for the unveiling of two plaques commemorating this spring's successful constitutional negotiations as a week in Ottawa. It was just as well, since this squall buffeted the capital all through the halfhearted day of mourning.

Ottawa's referral of the Hibernia matter to the Supreme Court of Canada was the latest "move" in a decidedly unfriendly legal game. Newfoundland had submitted that proposal to be its last offer to Ottawa in January—to set the ownership question aside forever and give Newfoundland three-quarters of all government oil revenues until she caught up to the national average in per capita income, thereafter proportionately less. Perhaps

because Ottawa never formally acknowledged the proposal and further annoyed when the federal tried to use a case concerning jurisdiction over offshore waters to cover offshore oil rights, Peckford tried a tack of his own. He put the offshore oil question to the Newfoundland Supreme Court, saying that negotiations were getting no place and the expanded local reliance case requested Newfound-land's position.

The federal government thus found itself in a spot, though it would not admit it. Common law operates as precedents and an appellate court must carefully—and sometimes tortuously—distinguish its reasons for judgment from those of a lower court in order to arrive at a different decision. Slippery written lower court judgments are the easily got around, but tightly reasoned ones are not. Suppose the Newfoundland Supreme Court, with impeccable reasoning, decided for Newfoundland, but once the Newfoundland wheels were set in motion

Ottawa was precluded from putting an identical question to its own court? If both worked on the question at the same time and came to different conclusions, the appeal process from the lower court becomes meaningless. Elton Chaibon's job to put a question about Hibernia only.

Chaibon's daring to fly to St. John's to deliver Ottawa's defense of the province's legal process was denounced by Peckford as "arrogance." The premier's support, however, of John Cross' bold defiance cry of a decade ago when he was a provincial minister and the offshore battle was just beginning, that under certain circumstances "the Supreme Court of Canada can go to hell!" With John Wignall in Ottawa,

NATIONAL

Sharpening axes for Canagrex

By Gordon Legge

Listing Canagrex to a gung-ho class, critics of the proposed Crown corporation worry that the new marketing agency will infect the entire food and agriculture industry in Canada. Canagrex is designed to increase Canada's agricultural exports, and although not about everyone agrees with the need for a federal coordinating body that can provide export financing, the powers being granted to Canagrex are so sweeping that opponents fear it will become another Petro-Canada—all-pervasive and unstoppable. Overlooked in its initial stages, Bill C-63, which will create Canagrex, has faced growing opposition in recent hearings before the House of Commons' standing committee on agriculture. Clifford Swares, chairman of the Shipper's and Exporters' Association of the Winnipeg Commodity Exchange, who will testify next week, told *Maclean's* "Canagrex is the last, best, little bit of the panacea that, when in place, will allow the government to take over agriculture, dictating what farmers can

Powers granted are so sweeping that it could become another Petro-Canada—all-pervasive and unstoppable

grow. Instead of just being a source of information, or credit source, or a seller of last resort, it would be an active corporation without limit."

Indicative of the alarm, especially in western quarters, was a recent cover story by the regional magazine *Alberta Report* entitled, *The Food Grab—Ottawa's next big play*. The cover depicted a livestock band reaching over the horizon ready to graze a pasture home of farm buildings, livestock and grain. And last week Alberta's agriculture minister, Dallas Schmidt, on the first public rebuke to date by a provincial government, said, "There is no place for this speculation with the legislative support that is in the legislative process. Unless the current objectives for Canagrex are changed to the policy co-ordination role it should have, Canagrex, as it now stands, should be dead."

In fact, last October seven provinces, representing the major agricultural

producing regions, told the federal government that there was no justification for Canagrex and that existing agencies (Industry, Trade and Commerce, Export Development Corp., Canadian Commercial Corp.) with broad-based powers, could perform the role. Nonetheless, the aggressively sought by the federal government—was ignored. Now federal Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan is busy reassuring critics that Ottawa never wanted to "clip up" and dominate export development, saying that the corporation's small size—a staff of 12 and a \$12.5-million budget over three years—does not lend itself to a power grab. But fear of Canagrex's role that Petro-Canada was once called merely "a window" on the oil and gas industry, and there is the fear that the Liberals will push through the legislation unchanged before the session ends in June, creating an organization that, like a cancerous cell, will grow and multiply and eat away at the country's food industry.

For those who wonder why the government would be so interested in getting involved, they need look no further than a federal discussion paper called "Challenge for Growth, an Agri-Food Strategy for Canada," released in July, 1982, last year's cover story, the report, prepared at the request of cabinet, shows that Canadian agriculture is entering an era characterized by rapid growth, propelled principally by exports. Based on long-term trends, the paper says the price of agricultural products will rise significantly in real terms beginning in 1985. The growing world population and increasing per capita income will heighten demand, while world food supplies will be constrained by a shortage of arable land and a serious degradation of the existing natural resources. The food industry means "It is fairly obvious that the main source of the supply could very well be the oil of the '90s." (Quoted from *Canada's* President Joe Grant recently said a meeting in Montreal of the Grocery Products Manufacturers of Canada. "Can-



Whelan (with aide, Frances Tupper) Ottawa's intent was glossed over

ada will increase its membership in this country. If we plan now."

Indeed, Canagrex provides the foundation. Improving Canada's export position would have major impact on the economy. One in four jobs depends on agriculture, and food processing is the largest component of Canada's

directly in purchasing, packaging, processing, storing, marketing and exporting of agricultural products. And in order to do that, it can purchase, lease or otherwise acquire property and other assets. Whelan says he needs these powers to move to where the private sector is reluctant to go, to take a leadership role in export development.

Thus far, national umbrella groups have supported the scheme. Those organizations include the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, the Canadian Horticultural Council and the Canadian Pork Council as well as a variety of smaller commodity producers, mainly in Eastern Canada, and smaller export and processing companies that cannot compete against some of the major firms. But others, such as the Canadian Export Association, the Canadian Cattlemen's Association and almost all western farm groups, have opposed Canagrex's far-reaching powers, fearful that the government will become a direct competitor, using its position to eventually control every aspect

Swares: the last word will be of the puzzle



of food and agriculture. Furthermore, they were often affected by the implication that the private sector has not been doing its job, suggesting instead that the only reason for Canada's shortcoming is international markets in the lack of a quality product or a competitive price. Underlining the argument, the Canadian Cattlemen's Association quoted an Agriculture Canada paper on Congress: "Persuasive export efforts can only be sustained where it is firmly established that Canada can offer quality products on a continuing basis at internationally competitive prices."

Furthermore, while Whelan argued that many other countries—Germany, France, Israel, Mexico, Denmark—have agricultural export agencies, critics quickly noted that only one, Israel, engages in trade. The rest are primarily concerned with protection. And while Whelan suggested that many countries prefer to deal on a state-to-state basis, critics said that it is only Third World countries with empty bank accounts who deal directly with government.

Although some dismiss the opposition to Congress as paranoia, there is also a philosophical difference of opinion. David Richardson, president of Trillium Products and son of George Richardson, head of the legendary Winnipeg commodity clan, says, "The problem with Congress is that it would be run by bureaucrats. They'd be slaughtered in the tough world markets in the private sector, a salesman can be fired if he makes mistakes. He can go back-ramp or make huge commissions when things go right. Bureaucrats are protected from these things. They can't be fired if they make big mistakes." Even former Liberal cabinet minister Otto Lang, co-head of the Canadian Wheat Board, shares the cynicism about Congress. Long, now executive vice-president of Pioneer Grain Co. Ltd. in Winnipeg, says, "I don't think it needs all the powers it's been given. There should be some limit on them. The powers are broad enough to cause some concern to private producers."

The Conservative members of the standing committee plan to stall the bill and bargain with the Liberals to limit Congress's powers in return for side payments before the end of the sitting. Richardson, the Liberals can push the bill through unchanged, and there is a perception that the party will be Whitman bare his way since Congress has already been trounced down fourfold since its first proposal to it. It is prices in the food and agriculture that will be the sticking point, says Shirley Swartz. "It is a point of an elephant's foot in the leg question."

Will Fisher—Cynthia Givens in Winnipeg, Dale Baker in Ottawa and Barry Black in Ottawa.

WINNIPEG

A test run for the car salesman

Winnipeg car salesman Jerry Van was involved in a nationwide test run for the car salesman. Underlining the argument, the Canadian Cattlemen's Association quoted an Agriculture Canada paper on Congress: "Persuasive export efforts can only be sustained where it is firmly established that Canada can offer quality products on a continuing basis at internationally competitive prices."

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travel, but that's rubbish," says Van. "Last year, more than 50 per cent of my cash were made outside. I'm a Grand Salesman, but if I just sit here waiting for business to come through the door, I'd be starving."

The disgraced salesman has formed an association and hired lawyer John Weinman to advise them on their car. Weinman says it is clear that Rogers Canada did little research before deciding that car salesman do not have to coach the words for business. "One dealership has an office downtown, but most of its cars are sold in a campground 5000 away," he says. "It's ridiculous to say travel is unnecessary."

At Downs, a salesman with Lambda Lincoln Mercury Sales Ltd., was writing away his spare time last week writing letters to Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, Tony and Don McKenna and Revenue Minister William Rompkey. "It's ridiculous," Downs says. "I gave Rogers Canada a list of 10 clients I have to call on regularly to make sales, but they wouldn't even place any of them to look. I don't buy drinks or game tickets to get clients' business, but I do have to travel a lot and I let clients see my own car and my own gas if theirs is being sold."

Over at Revenue Canada, spokesman Neil Kinsman admits Winnipeg is being used as a test area and that other Canadian centres will get their turn. Employees in any kind of job are allowed to claim up to \$500 for incidental expenses. Kinsman says, "But if salesman want to claim more under a different section, they must show that their strategy requires them to work away from the normal place of business."

Faced with a barrage of assessment objection notices and an outright refusal to pay up and argue later, the tax department has now agreed not to audit assets or bank accounts in cases of hardship, at least until the appeals are decided, and that could take months or even years. If the salesman aren't happy with local appeals they must proceed through the independent Tax Review Board, the federal courts and, finally, the Supreme Court in the meantime, in the spirit of optimism that is part of a salesman's creed, must have claimed for business expenses in 1981.

—PETER CANNYLE-GORGE

TORONTO

The anatomy of innocence

By Judith Timonen

For Susan Nelles, a public criminal ended last week much as it began, with nervous whirling and clicking and a jostling mass of reporters and open-mouthed spectators nearly engulfing her tiny frame as she strode for a downtown Toronto court building. There was one important difference, however for the first time in 14 months, nurse Nelles walked out a free woman, exonerated of first-degree murder charges in the deaths of four babies at the city's Hospital for Sick Children. After a 40-day, complex and—despite the publicity has—celebrated preliminary hearing, a provincial court justice discharged her, exonerating the evidence against her ranged from "dubious" to non-existent.

Nelles, the 36-year-old daughter of a reported Belleville, Ont., pediatrician, younger sister to a brother who is also a doctor at Sick Kids, Queen's University graduate and all-around universally acknowledged "nice" girl, was understandably joyful as she faced what had been up to then a harrowing phalanx of inquisitors—after screaming-outcries. Carrying a bouquet that made her look oddly like a bridesmaid at the wrong occasion, she squeezed her pinky-fisted a smile and said she was "happy," later adding, "I knew of my innocence all along, but it was great to have it proven and spoken by my sister people."

The man responsible for freeing her, Judge David Vankin, took 2½ hours to detail his reasons for throwing the case out, coming to the clearing conclusion that while the babies had been powdered with fatal overdoses of a heart drug called digoxin, the evidence, far from being enough to convince a jury that Nelles was guilty, seemed instead to point in another direction—perhaps to someone still being at the hospital. "There is a shadow," and the judge, his fellow approach a stark contrast to a grim statement issued later in the day by Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry that had shocking implications. The investi-

gation was obviously still open, said McMurtry, but instead of being limited to the four deaths at the Nelles case, there was now a total of 10 deaths at the same cardiac wards of the hospital being looked into, 17 of which had already been introduced into the preliminary hearing because they were "probable cases" of the four at issue. Over an eight-month period, ending in March 1981, deaths in the cardiac wards had



Nelles and Cooper (right) a bridesmaid at the wrong occasion

gation to free a month—almost five times the normal rate. Despite low-key efforts by McMurtry and hospital officials to reassure the public that there had been no further exonerated deaths since then, it was difficult not to see this development as a body blow to the Hospital for Sick Children, a world-renowned institution that had already undergone one of its most painful public tests in recent history. Apart from the Nelles discharge, there was mounting public debate into

the unrelated death of an eight-year-old patient, Steven Tan, whose treatment in the hospital had been, if not overzealous, at least hopelessly confused. And there was the continuing impact on the death last January of a baby who had been wrongfully administered a dose of the drug quinine, an incident mentioned by Nelles as one of the factors that led him to believe that "someone is still covering up at the hospital and doing very terrible things."

Pressed by Maclean's to put public fears to rest, but not wanting to intrude on Kenneth Rowe could only speculate what he had already said and hope that events would not prove him wrong—that the hospital was still a "safe" place for babies. Then, for her, as well as for the public, it was simply a matter of willing for further developments—anything from another arrest, to the possibility of a full public inquiry into the hospital, to even the slim chance that the Crown might try to proceed with a trial of Susan Nelles by preferred indictment.

That possibility, plan the remaining seventy-five per cent of the children of the College of Nurses of Ontario, were both factors in Nelles' decision to head quickly back to her parents' home in Belleville without making any major comments on the case. She said she wanted to rest and consider her future.

Until her arrest on March 18, 1981, Nelles had been the epitome of a good daughter—very much her parents' daughter, mother's daughter and, indeed, a daughter of the medical profession, with unimpeachable professional and personal credentials. But all that seemed to crumble away because the central figure in what her lawyer, Austin Cooper, ultimately described as a "bizarre and unusual case." There she was, a woman, by all accounts, dedicated nurse, charged with killing four babies. While speculation about the case and the masses raved—were they merely killings, was this the work of an insane person?—her family and friends reacted to the news of her arrest with not just the usual shock but with her with the absolute conviction, says one acquaintance who knew her at Queen's, that she did not, could not, have done this.

In the words of testimony that fol-

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Niles hears that she was understandably silent

lived the Crown failed to establish any motive or any underlying link that connected her to all four deaths. In one of them, that of four-month-old Justin Gattuso there with Dora's syndrome and a hole in her heart, there was simply no evidence at all, said Judge Vasek, noting that Niles had been off shift almost eight hours before the baby died. In the three others—three-month-old Justin Crook, 28-day-old Kevin Picot and one-year-old Allison Miller, the Crown was not able to prove Niles had exclusive access or opportunity to administer the fatal dose. The additional evidence introduced about the death of a fifth baby—whose body was exhumed last January and who was found to have had fatal doses of digoxin—confirmed Judge Vasek of Niles' innocence, she

had been away on Christmas holiday during the time the baby had died.

In his final argument, Cooper blazed away at the Crown's case, maintaining: "A horrible mistake has been made—they arrested the wrong person."

At the beginning of the ordeal, which began in the kitchen of Niles' Toronto apartment when two police officers abruptly told her that she was being charged with murder, she appeared shaky and withdrawn. But, freed on \$50,000 bail and buttressed by the support of a large group of friends—there were always several young women sitting alongside her mother, Barbara, in court—she seemed to gather courage and confidence as the hearing progressed. The portrait of her, painted by friends and associates, was not that of the "liberal" personality suggested by Judge Crown but of a resilient, normal young woman whose life, even after her arrest, revolved around get-togethers with friends—biking, trips to the family cottage, even an Agniparade at a botanical garden, as at a friend's wedding. "The kept herself busy," her mother said after it was over. "She didn't hide herself away or sit around feeling sorry for herself."

Niles broke down only twice during the hearing once when her lawyer asked her brother, David, if he loved her, and another once when a police officer gave the details of her arrest. Then, during the final judgment, as the atmosphere in the crowded courtroom rose to a point where it seemed the entire room was holding its breath, Judge Vasek described her as "an excellent nurse who enjoys an excellent reputation," and the tears came again.

After her discharge, Susan Niles bowed deeply to the judge and walked out of the courtroom. She left behind not just one major question—just who was working behind at Sick Kids—but a host of other perplexing ones given the tenuous case against her, how had she come to be arrested in the first place? Had she been set up? Would she also go as graceful her professional again? Had she been tried and convicted by an overzealous press even before her hearing began? Save for the last, all questions held inescapably back to the doctor in the hospital whose motto is "A century of care, a future of caring."

With Carol Evans.

MONTREAL

Canada and the Red Brigades



Piperno: murder and knee-capping?

In Rome and Montreal last week alleged members of the Red Brigades had their day in court. In the Italian capital three men and women charged with dozens of murders, kidnappings and other murky acts of violence were at their court proceedings from the steel cage that contained them (Montreal's April 26). Eight thousand kilometers away in Montreal, their alleged accomplice, Francesco Piperno, denied his courtroom roles at an extradition hearing to a few gasps, laughs and vigorous shakes of his head—all from the relative comfort of a seat in the crowd. On both sides of the Atlantic the Italians were faced with evidence provided by the testimony of the same terrorist fugitive.

Italy claims Piperno, 46, is the brains behind the Red Brigades squad that kidnaped and murdered former premier Aldo Moro in 1978. Although associates of Moro's murder and kidnappings against Piperno were thrown out as an Italian court two years ago, the government still wants to try him for conspiracy in the Moro case along with other charges ranging from murder to knee-capping to the possession of illegal weapons. Piperno fled Italy after his first trial before the other charges could be brought. He arrived in Canada last last summer. Now, for the second time in less than a year, Italy has asked Canada to extradite Piperno. The first extradition order last fall was thrown out for lack of proof. This spring Italian authorities produced more statements from abducted terrorists who have become state witnesses. But still Piperno's

lawyer, Piero Poppari, who questioned the admissibility of the documents in a Canadian courtroom. "They have nothing but suspicions, and in Canada even a thousand suspicions don't add up to evidence."

Much of Italy's case rests on allegations made by repentant terrorists, including 25-year-old Antonio Senzani, the quiet and introverted of U.S. Gen. James Dozier who was freed by Italian police after being kidnapped by the Brigades earlier this year. Senzani told police that Piperno was a close friend and adviser to Valerio Morone and Adriano Sofri, who in whose apartment the gun that killed Aldo Moro was found. Senzani and others swore that Morone and Faranda joined the Red Brigades while still carrying the ideological message of Piperno, himself an alleged member of an armed leftist faction. Lawyer Joseph Stone, representing Italy at the extradition hearings, argued that with such an intimate and powerful relationship to Morone's accused kidnappers, Piperno at least must take responsibility for conspiracy. Stone said "Piperno must have

known what they were going to do. He may have argued against it for tactical reasons but he didn't stop them." According to other testimony, whose admissibility has been challenged on grounds of hearsay, Piperno offered advice, including assassination tips, to Red Brigades terrorists. He tried, in turn, to get financing for his leftist campaign. Sofri, who, allegedly, secured editorial support for the Red Brigades. Parts of the magazine reproduced in court included an article by Piperno in which he urged certain judges, politicians and journalists as enemies of the revolutionary movement. Stone claimed the article was far more than a call to arms. It implied a pistol Judge Paul Martin, who

later praised Piperno as a good writer. "It's not in itself an incitement to riot." Piperno's next day in Canadian court will be May 18, although it is far from certain that Martin will have decided his fate by then. Piperno told Martin he would like to apply to stay in Canada. That request could only be made if Martin throws out the extradition demand. Ironically, Martin is one of the few people in Canada with a firsthand experience in terrorism. Last Dec. 16, a prisoner pulled an Italian-made gun in the judge's own courtroom and fired it twice at Martin. The gun clicked but missed. His assistant, rubber Roy Shyne, was convinced of attempted murder.

—ANNE BRUCE

A medical reputation

Dr. R.V. Anand of Kentville, N.S., admits to having been misled to be a distortion of the facts presented by Nadon's in its March 4, 1982, issue.

Reference was made to a decision of the Provincial Medical Board. The article fails to mention that the board decided, in view of all the circumstances surrounding the hearing and all the evidence presented to the discipline committee of the Provincial Medical Board at its hearing, that "the decision of the board was a verdict pronounced."

It is noteworthy that the solicitor retained by the Provincial Medical Board to introduce all relevant evidence before the discipline committee, retained an experienced, independent surgeon of Liverpool (Dr. William Lenka) to review all the cases handled by Dr. Anand of which Dr. Chabner complained. Dr. Lenka, after his review, found no evidence of malpractice on the part of Dr. Anand with respect to his handling of any of the cases.

In addition, the solicitor retained by the board, after hearing all the evidence adduced, stated to the discipline committee its conclusion:

"But however you take it, narrowly or broadly, it seems to me, and we make this submission formally, that there is absolutely no evidence at all on the professional incompetence of this man. To the contrary, he would appear to be highly competent."

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BEWARE THE TOX CHILDREN

LEARNING AND ADMITTING

ASSAULT ON THE FALKLANDS

If all there may have been 30 aircraft swooping in low over the Falkland Sound beachhead. In successive waves they have beaten through the protective British Harrier screen to the west. Now they were once again among the thin-skinned frigates and vulnerable troop and supply ships of the invasion fleet. As defensive missiles carved red streaks in the sky, the Argentine Mirages and Skyhawks answered with fire of their own, hunked and were gone. "Both sides lasted just a few seconds" said a British television dispatch. "Such is the speed of modern warfare."

The toll of that Sunday second strike was typical of the seven-week war over the disputed Falkland Islands. As Argentine jets made for home, they left behind a burning British frigate and seven of their number. That brought overall military casualties, said the British on Monday, to 54 Argentine aircraft, two warships, and more than 450 men. On the British side, there were more than 70 dead, two tank-down warships sunk, with several more damaged and 13 planes and helicopters lost. Against that, as many as 1,000 British commandos and paratroops had established firm beachheads on East Falkland and were preparing a breakout toward the islands' capital of Port Stanley. If the military balance seemed to be tilting in Britain's favor, the political dispute remained. Even though Pope John Paul II's upcoming visit to Britain was likely to go ahead, and London's European Community (EC) partners agreed to continue trade sanctions against Argentina indefinitely, there were strong calls for an immediate ceasefire in the UN Security Council. And while the women's dispute seemed likely to drag on long enough for Britain to complete recovery of the Falklands, heavy world pressure for a compromise over sovereignty was certain to follow.

Britain used its substantial presence on the island as high-risk, high-reward assault on the Port San Carlos area of East Falkland in the early hours of Friday. Briefed in detail about the area by a former San Carlos teacher who returned to England last year—down to 1



HMS Hermes with HMS Broadsword (prow); British troops in Sea King loading services (below left); Port Stanley shielded after attack



the number of ships in the eight-hour village and where the famous holy grove must thickly—the British were clearly well prepared.

The assault came under a cloud of disinformation. After the breakdown of the United Nations peace initiative, fleet commander Rear Admiral John Wadswell was publicly given the word to pursue the military option "as fast as he sensibly can." This was followed by a series of contradictory leaks to reporters, alleging on the one hand that there would likely be only a series of small-scale raids against outlying guerrillas and on the other that the fleet would directly confront the 5,000-strong garrison at Port Stanley.

The truth was a compromise between the two versions. After a series of feints at subsidiary targets as the Argentine-

sides, British radar units to control them and everything else from steel-plated helicopter pads to fuel. The troops were supplied with tea and encouragement by the 72 Falklanders at the isolated sheep farming settlement.

British planners had been hoping for some of the Falklands' legendary food weather to smash the attack, but the day dawned crystal clear, and at 10 a.m. the first of the waves of Argentine aircraft swept in on the fleet, undeterred by the wind. All day the attacks continued, but the shield of Harriers which intercepted most Argentine sorties went of the islands disrupted their formations and the attackers suffered substantial losses to the Harriers and the frigates' missiles and guns. Britain claimed to have knocked down 16 aircraft, and the Argentines acknowledged that not of

obtaining to have downed six Mirages and one Skyhawk. Buenos Aires claimed hits on two other British vessels as well as the *Sheila*, admitting the loss of a single aircraft. In other action, Britain claimed to have downed two out of three Argentine helicopters in an engagement near Port Darwin and to have grounded a patrol boat in Chatham Sound, clear in the aircraft carrier's new position near Lively Island. Throughout Sunday British patrols pushed out from the beachhead to the almost continuous sound of gunfire and explosions. Argentine prisoners were reported to have said they had had no food for three days and several were suffering from exposure. The Argentine air fleet returned again Monday with even less success. London claimed that seven planes were shot down and did



Landing craft heaving its way to the beach from assault ship HMS Fearless: Argentine air power couldn't break through

do, the troop carriers and assault ships, accompanied by a screen of warships, and into the protected waters of Falkland Sound, headed for Port San Carlos. The long two-week wait was ended for the fire battalions of marines and paratroopers. Under the cover of bombardment from their escorts, the troops, flown in by helicopter, landed in the early hours of Friday. The first of three waves routed the handful of Argentine defenders, taking many prisoners in the process. The remainder of the 100-strong Argentine garrison fled, but not before knocking down two Gladius helicopters with their British-made Blowpipe anti-aircraft rockets. In all, British casualties in the landing were light, only three killed, according to the defense ministry. Shortly after dawn, the third wave was airborne, heavy equipment started moving from the ships in the carrier fleet to the rapidly expanding beachhead. These included Scorpions light tanks, Rapier anti-aircraft mis-

siles, their jets had been downed. However, the British paid a price in the form of the *Ardent*, a five-year-old frigate carrying 200 men, which was bombed by Mirages while sheltering the settlement of Goose Green, about 25 km south of the main encampments. Four other British ships were hit, but the ministry claimed that all were back in service by Saturday.

In all, the Argentine air force had in down 72 aircraft into the fray on Friday, not counting the raids from the Falkland-based *Pucara* and *Aeromachos* aircraft. The Argentines did not return in force on Saturday—only two A-4 Skyhawks were seen by the British fleet—but renewed their attacks on Sunday. Again the combined firepower of the Harrier defensive screen, task-force warships and shore-based missile batteries could not prevent further damage to the fleet. London conceded that *Ardent's* sister ship, the seven-year-old *HMS Antelope*, was also hit (it was still burning Monday), while

not mention any ships hit. As well Britain claimed to have shot down more than made up for losses. Navy losses. There were also unconfirmed reports Monday that British ground forces had taken Goose Green airfield, but even without that prize the British had certainly changed the Falklands equation. For their part, the Argentines claimed that only 600 British troops were on the beach, that they were under constant fire from Argentine ground forces, had been abandoned by their fleet and were only hours away from being driven into the sea. At one point on Sunday, an Argentine broke into Argentine television's regular programming to proclaim that British forces were "on the point of surrender."

Refuting through the conflicting claims was difficult, but some things at least are clear. The British have landed in force, perhaps not with the 5,000 men they claim (as recently as Wednesday they were speaking of 3,000), but with



Welchful Argentines outside Port Stanley (above right); bomb damage at recovered air terminal (above left); British flight deck activity



clear that no further ground would be yielded.

Points of difference that remained unchanged included the distance from the Falklands to which any side would be required to withdraw after a ceasefire administration was established (Britain wanted 200 km, Argentina a retreat to home base), and whether or not ousted Falkland Islands representatives would be allowed a vote in the UN administration (Britain said yes, Argentina no). But these issues were peripheral to the central question of sovereignty. Any negotiations on ownership of the islands, Buenos Aires insisted, must proceed only under the auspices of the United Nations. Britain refused to return to Argentina. The British rejected that position, and when the new British proposals brought by Parsons were rejected by the Argentines in their turn, a visibly frustrated Margaret Thatcher issued what amounted

to a British Sea King helicopter had crashed on Chilean territory raised questions about that country's neutrality. There was no conflict for Buenos Aires either in leaked reports of the extent of U.S. aid in hardware and spy satellite intelligence to British forces. Nevertheless, special ambassador Vernon Walters was once more sent to the Argentine, as the Reagan administration, led by his boss, that Secretary of State Alexander Haig was ready to try again for a peace settlement, though not immediately. And with British troops ashore, it is unlikely that London will even be prepared to consider its softened position of last week when talks eventually resume. Indeed, a spokesman for Thatcher and the Sunday that the British position was that the Argentines on the islands must surrender.

As the Security Council recommended Friday to take account of the British

proposals was willing to lose "400 mm, 4,000 or 40,000 in the night." The Argentines described the last British offer as a sham. The British had decided to remain already, they said, and the Thatcher ultimatum and pre-forma negotiations last week were merely posturing ploys to avoid being blamed for the inevitable assault.

Whatever the truth of that, there was no further debate of British intentions after Thursday's emergency debate at Westminster. Thatcher slammed the door on negotiations by withdrawing all previous British proposals from the table. "We can't go on. Someone has to make a decision," she thundered. The decision, relayed to Admiral Woodward, was to invade. There was little opposition in the Commons. The left-wing rump of the Opposition Labour Party, led by former leadership candidate Tony Benn, attempted to ensure the government's policy. But the move



Paratroopers chamber ashore (left). Falklanders welcome Royal Marines to Port San Carlos (center) and then President

to an ultimatum. Britain had done enough, she said, the Argentine must show a willingness to produce new proposals within 48 hours. "It is up to them," she said. Government officials made clear to reporters that the result of failure to satisfy British demands would be an intensification of the war.

Nevertheless, the island's Argentine defenders were treated to a three-day fall while the world held its breath. At the United Nations there were denials that involving Britain's Parsons and Argentina's deputy foreign minister, Riquelme Roca, but even Párraga-Castillo appeared to acknowledge that his cabinet's two-week peace initiative had run aground. In London and Buenos Aires positions and rhetoric hardened. Thatcher claimed each new set of proposals had been met with "obduracy and delay, desperation and bad faith." Argentine President Leopoldo Galtieri told a television interviewer that Ar-

gentina was defeated 264 to 83, with Labour's moderate majority shrinking. The Benetton, charged Labour Leader Michael Foot, would be misrepresented "as a stab in the back to these gang to battle."

Although backing for Thatcher's moves remained strong at home in Gallup poll last week showed 86 per cent of Britons supported the government and a healthy 50 per cent backed an invasion if talks collapsed, support began to waver among Britain's EC allies. Despite their doubts, however, eight of the 18 EC members voted on Monday to record the trade ministers' support for Argentina. Only Italy and Ireland refused their support.

Argentina was comforted by the almost universal support of its Latin American cousins. However, several, such as Mexico, declared the use of force to gain the islands, and only Peru and Saudi military aid. Moreover, new that

invocation, there was renewed talk of a coalition. Argentina, for Latin American allies and the Soviet Union were in favor of an immediate cessation of fighting with further talks to follow. But during the strenuous debate, Britain declared itself ready to veto any such call. As British Ambassador Sir Anthony Parsons told delegates, an unconditional ceasefire would leave the Argentines in place and be Britain's hands off.

With the British firmly committed on Falkland, and ready, as the chief of the defense staff, Admiral Sir Thomas Lewis, said in London, to "move—and move fast" on Port Stanley, it appeared that only an unexpected military disaster would stand between Britain and that goal.

THOMAS HOPKINS, with Carol Kennedy in London, William Leather in Washington, Jane O'Brien in New York and Alex Perry in Buenos Aires.

WORLD

Apartheid's doubtful new direction



Segregated schooling in South Africa: political rights may be reinstituted for coloreds but not blacks.

By Allister Sparks

Progress in South Africa, say the cynics, is measured by the speed with which the government goes backward. Last week Prime Minister P. W. Botha's Nationalist administration was certainly moving that way. It

was considering a proposal to extend political rights to colored (mixed blood) and Indian citizens—rights that were removed by the country's first National Party government when apartheid was instituted in 1948. But Botha's government committed to reform and the extravagance of extremist opinion within and without his party make both the pace and extent of the latest attempt at progress doubtful at best.

In the 34 years since the first Nationalist prime minister, Daniel Malan, laid its foundations, apartheid has gone through three phases. The first was straightforward white domination. Then, as the wind of change began blowing down Africa in the 1960s and the world's outrage intensified, former prime minister Hendrik Verwoerd reorganized the system as "separate development." Racial discrimination was theoretically diminished by the provision of 10 tribal

homelands to which blacks were supposed to return. But these homelands added up to only 18 per cent of the country's total land area. The rest—the towns and everything of economic value, remained in white hands. By the time Botha came to power in 1979, the situation had again reversed

**Conservatives feel
Botha is intent on
selling out apartheid
and, worse, assuming
dictatorial powers**

roles proportions. Despite the predictions of the architects of separate development, the black vote continued to flow toward the job opportunities in major white industrial centers. The Soweto riots, which cost 255 lives, had underlined the explosive resentment of black youth. "We must adapt or die," declared Botha, warning in apartheid's third phase.

But the question remains, adaptative is what? The latest proposals—the

work of the President's Council, a constitutional think tank set up by Botha—after only seven answers. The centerpiece of the plan is a three-tier power structure. At the lowest level the various racial groups, including the blacks, would run their own segregated townships. A second tier would consist of a national parliament in which colored and Indian, but not black, representatives would sit alongside whites. The top tier would be an executive president, not answerable to parliament, with power to choose his own prime minister and cabinet.

The proposals have become known as the "de Guesle option." A strong proponent, class supporters, would be able to force reform on reluctant whites much as de Guesle, an incoming president of France, carried through the de Gaulle option. But critics have been quick to point to the malaise of the country's 30 million blacks from all but segregated local politics and the cartoon mix of de-separate and authoritarian institutions. Not only that, but there are doubts about both Botha's overall concept and his motives.

Liberal opponents say it is doubtful that Botha has any vision of where he

would like to lead South Africa. He is a party apparition rather than an ideologue. He was a prominent opponent in the Malan years, a doer rather than a thinker and a man with the reputation of a bully. They suspect he is merely trying to shore up white power by opposing the minority group as allies.

Conservatives feel Botha is intent on winning out against the end, worse, is harnessing dictatorial powers to do so. In last year's general election, a third of Afrikaners (South Africans of Dutch extraction, who form the dominant element in the National Party) bolted the party. Most of them voted for the extreme right-wing Herstigte Nasionale Party. In March, when Botha declared himself willing to compromise power-sharing with minorities, there was a major split. Andries Treurnicht, the National Party's leader in the Transvaal, an Afrikaner himself, took 16 right-wing MPs with him into opposition.

Botha's parliamentary position, with 155 seats in a parliament of 371, is still unassailable. Yet, eventually, he can no longer mollify the Afrikaner vote to guarantee the Nationalist political supremacy that has existed since 1948. Botha dived from the threat of being dumped by the new right wing in much the same way as Biko did: he created a succession of leaders with reformist inclinations in the 1980s.

Only one thing is certain: the political legions of 34 years is breaking up. An Afrikaner de Tocqueville once observed, the most dangerous moment for an authoritarian regime is when it begins to strengthen reform. In South Africa, new forces are at work, and the consequences are unpredictable.

Watch the most dangerous moment



Plavcic's first cabinet meeting: anti-nationalist party conservatives

YUGOSLAVIA

Yet another woman of steel

Brazil's Iron Lady, Margaret Thatcher, and her hardly less ebullient Indian counterpart, Indira Gandhi, were joined on the world stage by a third woman of similar stature last week with the election of Milica Plavcic as prime minister of Yugoslavia. The Yugoslav nation's first woman leader—a founding member of the Yugoslav Communist Party—has been a voracious opponent of separatist movements in her native Croatia. And she lost no time in warning that she would tolerate none of the extremist agitation that wrecks the Balkan federation of six republics, two provinces and 54 districts of autonomous areas.

Plavcic, now 57, has a formidable reputation. She was more than 18 when she joined the underground Communist Party and took to the hills with various partisan jobs by modern Yugoslavism's founder and first president, Marshal Josip Broz Tito. After serving as secretary of the 11th Belgrade Brigade she moved relentlessly up the political ladder until, in 1973, she became head of the Croatian party. Plavcic has no doubts, and none have concluded that she left her heart in an unmarked grave during the bloody struggle. Similarly, her outside against Croatian nationalism is attributed to the toll taken of party colleagues by Croatian nationalists in the 1946-45 fighting. What is not disputed is that such experience has hardened her into a tough veteran.

In her opening speech to parliament last week Plavcic left no doubt that her

already hard line on "secessionist tendencies" in Zagreb, the Croatian capital, would be extended throughout Yugoslavia. Anti-Marxist separatist forces would be put down wherever they fared. And Plavcic angled not only for retention of the ethnic Albanian minority in Kosovo provinces, a scene of rioting last spring.

However, nationalism is not Plavcic's only problem. Outgoing President Vukoslav Djindjic was heavily criticized for the state of the national economy. Inflation is running at 34 per cent, and foreign currency restrictions are so tight that banks by Keri have printed abroad may not be imported. Unemployment is more than one million.

Just how much Plavcic will be able to improve the situation remains to be seen, particularly as she is responsible to the nine-man Central Committee on which Tito conferred his almost dictatorial powers before his death two years ago. Still very much a part of the government, too, is the legendary partisan commander Gen. Nikola Logajic, a former minister of defense and present head of the Serbian party Logajic, however, may prefer to keep in the background, since a his shows show of power could lead to a serious rift down the age-old Serbo-Croatian rift. And Plavcic, with her unimpaired party connections and proven ability to administer with the same fiery resolve of Thatcher and Gandhi, will likely ensure that her own star will continue to shine over Yugoslavia.

—SEN NARTZMAN IN BELGRADE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Challenges to democracy



As President Jorge Blanes at victory celebration: he had in fact won with promise

While voters in the Dominican Republic celebrated the results of last week's election—only the fifth time this century that power has changed hands democratically—it was clear that the nation had arrived at a pivotal point in its history. Successor Jorge Blanes, 60, led the social democratic Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD) to a landslide victory in both the Senate and the legislature. If Jorge Blanes's victory represented new hope for democracy, his government will face serious challenges from an one-party economy, an illiterate and hungry population and a massive influx of Haitian refugees.

Democracy has not come easily to the country. Following 31 years of bloody rule by dictator Rafael Trujillo, who was assassinated in 1961, democratically elected President Juan Bosch was overthrown in a military coup in 1963. An attempt to restore constitutional government resulted, in 1965, in the landing of 20,000 U.S. Marines and sent 2,000 Dominican lives. Trujillo's left, Josepha Balaguer, imposed his presidency after his electoral defeat in 1978 by PRD candidate Antonio Guzman. But Balaguer was only ousted out of power by the intervention of former U.S. president Jimmy Carter, then at the height of his human rights campaign.

Since then the PRD has built a series of alliances abroad with European and Latin American countries and democratic parties. At home it has forged a strong political base. Last week's election is seen as an endorsement of the outgoing Guzman-PRD administration, which achieved modest economic gains but made enormous progress in human rights. Dominican streets are full of monuments to journalists, students and labor leaders murdered under Trujillo or who "disappeared" under Balaguer. Newspapers, spread political activity flourish.

That includes sharp criticism from the PRD and its secretary-general, Josep Pineda Gomez (who was elected mayor of the capital, Santo Domingo) of U.S. policy in Central America and active lobbying for a negotiated settlement in El Salvador that the Reagan administration's policy toward the Dominican Republic, says Pineda Gomez, has been "impossible" as they had treated the rest of Latin America the same way.

That includes sharp criticism from the PRD and its secretary-general, Josep Pineda Gomez (who was elected mayor of the capital, Santo Domingo) of U.S. policy in Central America and active lobbying for a negotiated settlement in El Salvador that the Reagan administration's policy toward the Dominican Republic, says Pineda Gomez, has been "impossible" as they had treated the rest of Latin America the same way.

However, Dominican politicians have no illusions about Washington's response if they fail to deal of the right-way military, so matter who holds the presidency. Any president who lacks the military's support could be in serious trouble. Similarly, while the Jorge Blanes administration is expected to maintain a meeting in legislative foreign policy, it will stop short of alienating Washington or such important investors as Gulf and Western and Canada's Placer Dome.

What the PRD can hope to achieve successfully for Dominicans is an open question. The task is both with the promise of extensive natural resources. But the economy is delivering a per capita income of only \$350 a year. It is based largely on agriculture, which is subject to wild price fluctuations due to market demand, the whims of Washington's quotas and schedules, and is currently at a seven-year low price of 15 cents per kilo. Despite the growth of an urban middle class—which has grown the PRD much of its support—more than half the 5.5 million population lives in the countryside, unlettered and underfed.

Another strain on Dominican economy and political life is neighboring Haiti. The bloody regime of Jean-Bertrand Duvalier has created a steady stream of refugees, supplementing a seasonal flow of Haitian agricultural workers employed in the sugar harvest. In all, some 500,000 Haitians are believed to have taken up residence (illegally in the republic). Meanwhile, high urban unemployment among Dominicans has added to frustration.

But even these economic and social problems suggest that the PRD is in the context of the Dominican Republic's dark past. As Jorge Blanes said on the eve of his victory: "If we can unite on example to the Americas, magnificent. Let us be as one people." If he can complete his term with economic assistance, military coup or foreign intervention, Jorge Blanes will have set an important record precedent.

—ANNE NELSON in Santo Domingo

INDIA

Passing her midterm test

Prime Minister Indira Gandhi is an indelible figure—India's best known and most photographed statesman. As she finally declared victory in the 1984 election, "I am called Mother and I regard India as my family." Millions do so regard her, but she does not take her charisma for granted, which is why she addressed 340 members during a hectic 14-day midterm election campaign in four states and seven parliamentary constituencies.

The complexity of Indian politics made interpretation difficult, but the final tally clearly seemed to have paid off for Gandhi and her Congress (I) (the Indian) Party last week in the first round of her popularity when she returned to power in 1980. While the Marxist-dominated left wing held West Bengal, Congress I improved its position. Gan-

Care culture resentment



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On's allies, the United Democratic Front, secured a majority in Kerala. Results from two other states, Haryana and Himachal Pradesh, are still unclear. The former may join the Gandhi camp, the latter seems likely to go to the Opposition.

During the campaign for Wednesday's voting, an effort was made to lure the inexperienced candidate to the contest. The prime minister's official residence in New Delhi buzzed with activity. More than 5,000 guests, surpluses and helicopters were used to ferry Gandhi and her entourage around. Her surviving son, Rajiv, 35, who was pressed into political service after his brother Sangeet's death in 1984, followed closely at his mother's heels. Like Gandhi herself, his face was lit by a dashboard spotlight as he travelled by car at night. This high profile was clearly designed to mark him as her political heir.

On election day, the turnout was heavy—about 65 per cent of 82 million eligible voters. A 120-year-old woman and 300 lepers, who marked their births in a Kerala hospital, were among their number. In most places voting was peaceful, but breakdowns, stone throwing and arson left three people dead. In one incident in Haryana, a former speaker of the assembly shot at a crowd that tried to prevent him from leaving home to oversee vote counting. Twenty people were injured.

While the results did not represent a resounding victory, they were good enough to silence the prime minister's critics, for the time being at least. They were also sufficient to ensure that she will be able to prevail in the selection of a Congress 1 presidential candidate for the elections later this summer.

—PETER STODOL in New Delhi

Gandhi campaigning: growing tour



UNITED STATES

Fighting the fashionable drug



Police with seized drug: a buzzard

Los Angeles Police Chief Daryl Gates shook his head over the tail-end of plastic bags crammed with what looked like detritus. "This crushing stuff," he said. "It shows you how much untaxed money is flowing out of our country. But it won't make a dent in the industry." The "industry" is the marketing of cocaine, and Gates was drawing off the profits from the largest "toker" hunt in California—nearly 60 kilos, worth at least \$20 million—seized along with guns and \$400,000 in cash in pre-dawn raids in Los Angeles last week.

The haul was only a slake in the thirst of "smoke" that is flowing across the United States. Cocaine sells in the affluent Hollywood Hills for \$3,000 an ounce—39 times the price of gold. "If the industry were included in the Fortune list of the 500 biggest corporations," notes eastern University of California specialist Colin Dyer, "it would rank seventh in U.S. domestic sales, just behind Ford."

More than 16 million Americans now "powder their noses." That figure has done wonders for the Colombian economy, which exports \$1 billion worth of cocaine to the United States each year. In response, the Reagan administration

has declared that the most powerful aide Ed Meese calls "the most massive war on drugs since the dawn of ever seen in this country."

Such wars have been fought before. But in this one the Drug Enforcement Administration Agency (DEA)—one of the few federal agencies granted a budget line by Reagan—has stepped up for the first time with the oil and the Pentagon. In another seamless coalition of government agencies—Reagan's "Operation Thunderbolt"—aggravated U.S. Navy radar planes help customs officers sniff out drugs as they pass through customs, sniffing out drugs in from Jamaica and South America earlier this year. Rose Port Lady Nancy Reagan has been visited by the White House in its crusade. The courts drug chaos remorselessly on TV and hosts Washington incentives for anti-drug social workers.

The crackdown results from official alarm at the rising toll of cocaine abuse. Contrary to popular belief, the drug is harmful. A 1983 study of 28 major U.S. cities indicated that the number of cocaine-related deaths last year had risen to nearly 300.

The statistics broke no dispute. But the White House is coming under severe criticism for its stress on enforcement—at the expense of help for the victims. Federally funded programs for drug-abuse sufferers will lose up to 58 per cent of their allotments this year under Reagan cutbacks. "It's okay for Nancy to go to school," says Jim O'Donnell, former director of Team Bst, an anti-drug centre in Los Angeles. "But to let as she knows her program are going down the drain because of her husband's cuts."

—WILLIAM SCOTT in Los Angeles

A new hunt for old Nazis

The long, somewhat Washington narrative may be further this year. This year Congressional hearings are planned to probe hitlers—levelled last week by Boston attorney John Loftus—charged U.S. intelligence agencies engaged in a massive cover-up of Nazi war criminals smuggled into the country at the end of the Second World War. A former justice department prosecutor, Loftus told CBS's 60 Minutes that, in exchange for espionage and propaganda services, a secret state department unit arranged the illegal immigration of hundreds of Nazi collaborators, found them government jobs and gave them citizenship. It did so, Loftus claimed, in contravention of explicit presidential orders banning the immigration of Nazi war criminals

And ever since it has withheld the information from congressional inquiries, the courts, the CIA, the intelligence services and the public.

According to Loftus, the state department's obscure Office of Policy Co-ordination "have the entire Nazi government of Rhyolanth, the president, the vice-president, cabinet ministers, governors, mayors and police chiefs were all living in America." Many of these—some still living and still on government payroll—either participated in the mass killing of Jews or issued execution orders.

The Justice Department's hunting agency—the Office of Special Investigations—had been assembling cases against at least three White Russians, all of them are now deceased. However, Loftus contends that some 300 Rhyolanthians were brought to the United States and put to work for the CIA, the FBI and Radio Free Europe. Some allegedly drifted north to Canada.

Loftus contends some 300 ex-Nazis were brought into the United States and put to work

although there is no evidence that could be considered conclusive. Loftus told Meese that last week that members of the Canadian Rhyolanthian contingent may have committed war crimes. "We have suspicions," Loftus said. "We don't have proof beyond a reasonable doubt."

That many Rhyolanthian collaborators were given overt sanctuary in the United States, and that some were guilty of war-time atrocities, is not easily new data. Nazi-hunter Simon Wiesenthal has been trying the same thing for 20 years. But proving that specific collaborators committed specific crimes poses a serious challenge to justice officials. The preferred U.S. route has been to deport Nazis who had on their immigration papers by claiming not to have been associated with the ill-fated movement.

The larger story, however, may be the extent of the intelligence community's cover-up, the destruction of files and the chronic lying to various branches of government. Only one administration official that Loftus said he had knowledge of the operation is still alive: former U.S. president Richard Nixon. However, his office declined all comment on the story.

In Canada the parent of Nazi war criminals is even more problematic than in the United States. The evidence

of crimes is often sketchy. There are legal complications. But perhaps most critically, Ottawa has entered a close political alliance with the task. The government has said it will entertain requests for extradition of suspected war criminals but will not prosecute the hundreds of Nazis known to enjoy Canadian citizenship. For Senator General Robert Kaplan, extradition of even one certified Nazi would help relieve a distant embarrassment. Kaplan took office publicly eager to prosecute war crimes only to run into a mass of opponents against prosecution in cabinet

and in the bureaucracy.

Compelled to backpedal, Kaplan may nevertheless not be taken off the political back. Meese's has increased that a former Guyana Overseas officer, accused of murdering the son of 15,000 Jews in Lithuania in 1943, is now under constant surveillance by the RCMP in Windsor, Ont. West Germany is said to be preparing extradition documents, and an Israeli critic has stated his willingness to testify as an eyewitness to the crimes. It could be a lively storm in Ottawa as well.

—MICHAEL POINER in Washington

"Gulf Canada's inventive designs for Arctic drilling can speed up oil self-sufficiency for Canada."

Dan Motyka

Vice-President, Frontier, Gulf Canada Resources Inc.

For over a quarter century Gulf has been a leader in exploration for oil in the Canadian Arctic. It takes 5 months to drill a well in the Beaufort Sea - but drill ships can work only about 3 months each year before they must move to avoid the drifting polar ice. Gulf's team of scientists and engineers have devised a remarkable new drilling system that will dramatically lengthen the drilling season. Cost: \$674 million, Gulf Canada's largest-ever capital investment. Result: more efficient use of equipment and skilled personnel.

This breakthrough, along with other Gulf initiatives, is helping bring Canada closer to oil self-sufficiency.

"I think the Beaufort Sea will be one of the world's very important oil and gas producing areas," says one Gulf geologist.

On the advice of its earth scientists, Gulf began exploring in this area of the Arctic over twenty years ago.

Gulf has participated in the drilling of eleven wells beneath the waters of the Beaufort Sea. With several important oil and gas discoveries, we have begun to confirm what we believe to be the

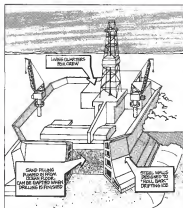
great potential of the region.

But there are many challenges. Howling gales, drifting ice of almost impenetrable force, fog and blizzards make Beaufort Sea exploration among the most difficult in the world. Until now, the answer has been to dredge up an artificial island or mount drilling equipment on a ship which, when danger threatens, can pull up its thousands of feet of drill pipe and run to safety.

Because of ice and weather, it is

possible for a drillship to work in the Beaufort Sea for only about three months out of the year. The problem is, it takes about five months to drill and test a well. So, with drill ships it takes two summers to complete one well - a slow process.

Now Gulf engineers have developed and are building a portable island designed to operate in the harshest environment for as long as is necessary to drill a well. It will be floated from one drilling



Gulf's pioneering portable island will be towed into place and filled with sand. Like a rock in the sea, it will fend off the crushing force of drifting polar ice, allowing longer drilling in a hostile environment. Roughnecks, engineers geologists will be flown in for 3-week shifts, drawn out for rest and recreation. This speed-up of drilling in the oil-rich Arctic can help bring the day nearer when Canada achieves oil self-sufficiency.

site to another, and, once in place will stand solidly against the forces of the environment.

The portable island is part of an Arctic drilling system developed by Gulf scientists, engineers and technicians. The system also includes a floating drill platform designed to work in water too deep for a portable island, plus two powerful ice breakers (18,600 h.p.), two supply vessels, an administration base at Tuktoyaktuk and a floating marine base at McInnis Bay. Total cost for the complete system - \$674 million, the largest single capital investment in Gulf Canada's history.

This inventive answer to a uniquely Canadian problem illustrates how Gulf experts work



Twenty years ago, who would have guessed oil and gas would be found in the Arctic Sea? Gulf Canada, followed its scientific advisors' hunches and participated in the drilling of several exploratory wells. Already, these successful wells promise additional supplies of oil which will bring Canada closer to oil self-sufficiency.

together in an effective team in exploring for and developing new oil finds in Canada.

"Oil self-sufficiency is within Canada's grasp."

Over the past two decades, Gulf Canada together with other members of the industry have spent billions of dollars on exploration programs that have just begun to indicate significant discoveries, not only in the Beaufort Sea but in the Arctic Islands and off the coast of Newfoundland. Gulf Canada's massive, high risk investments can result in flows of oil and natural gas that will help bring Canada nearer to oil self-sufficiency.



Dan Motyka, Vice President, Frontier, Gulf Canada Resources Inc., was born in Elm River, Manitoba, and graduated from the University of Manitoba with a B.Sc. degree in mechanical engineering. For relaxation, Dan enjoys fishing and cross country skiing.

For more technical information, diagrams and data on Gulf's new Arctic drilling system, write Mr. R. H. Fraser, Director - Public Affairs, Gulf Canada Limited, 180 Adelaide Street W., Toronto, Ontario M5H 3R6.



GULF CANADA LIMITED

A great leap forward has left the rest far behind

By John Wilkinson

Every once in a while an athlete will burst upon the international scene to astound rivals and pundits. But rarely has a team of men and women ascended to global dominance so rapidly or dramatically as the springboard and platform divers of the People's Republic of China. It was barely three years ago that the Chinese team ventured to Mexico City for the World University Games. A twelve-time Olympic gold medalist from the United States, Dr. Sammy Lee had travelled to China and returned with glowing reports. The Americans weren't impressed. "I was told I'd been brainwashed," recalls Lee. But after the games Dr. Aaron Weisman, the president of U.S. Diving, called Lee and told him, "You led to me. You told me the Chinese were good. They're great." A year later the Chinese took on the United States team at a dual meet. Quietly explaining that they were there "to learn," the Chinese declined to place any judges on the panel. After two days of diving the top-ranked U.S. team had been beaten. And after last week's first leg of the Gas-Ann-Mex diving competition in which they won 15 of 36 possible medals, the Chinese are

the favorites at the World Championships in July and the Olympics in 1984. The Chinese perform at a hypersonic threshold which, during the three years since their arrival on the international scene, is unsurpassed and seemingly unreachably, particularly in the men's events. Their coach Liang Zuo insists that his divers "just train very hard."

At first glance, their near-perfect execution of difficult and dangerous skills from a platform 10 m above the water seems nothing less than a genetic, nebulous birthright. Ironically, the Chinese birthright is a tragic and dangerous one. They have a genetic tendency toward detached retinas, increased of course with the impact of water. On their first visit to the West, Chinese divers required of their U.S. hosts how many U.S. divers went blind. When they discovered that none had, an ophthalmologist was consulted and he confirmed that, like myopia, susceptibility to retinal detachment is characteristic of the Chinese.

It is difficult to determine exactly why the Chinese are so much better than everyone else. They begin training at 10 to 12 years of age as do Canadian youngsters. "A year or two of gymnastics prior to this is preferred," says



Li Zongsheng, 'just train very hard'

Liang (which is typically the case in every diving nation). "We concentrate on leading up to the most difficult skills and the diver's ability to enter the water without a splash." The "rip" entry, so named for the cloth-tearing sound the diver makes upon disappearing under the surface without splash, is a point of concentration in everyone's training program. "The reason for our success," explains Liang, "comes from long, strenuous practice days, much patience, devotion of heart and soul to the task and a close harmonious relationship with themselves, each other and the coach."

Liang is himself the perfect example of this "devotion and patience" philosophy, as he has waited 30 years for recognition from his peers within the international sports arena. He began diving in 1954 after a brief career of swimming and gymnastics. Liang remained unbeaten for 10 years and was China's national champion from 1955 to 1959. In 1972, as an example to his protégés, he competed in their national championships and finished second, at the age of 35. Setting examples is not new to the

Chinese. The entire Chinese Swimming Association was an example selected by the Gang of Four during the Cultural Revolution in the 1960s. The association was disbanded as sports competition was branded capitalist and individualistic. As the leaders of the swimming program were being "rehabilitated," an entire generation of divers was lost.

Now 43, Liang is a small, energetic man who exudes the experience and self-assurance of any successful world-class coach. His age is a fact in itself when one considers he is essentially a foreigner on the world scene. Liang dresses the part, always sporting a track suit over a conservative T-shirt, treading shoes and Adidas-branded sneakers, the ensemble. His shaven head frequently during conversations, perhaps toward assuaging his interpreter or



Liang's devotion of heart and soul

apologizing for his lack of English, which he often does. Liang bows graciously and unnecessarily to the audience, as do his divers, after the execution of each skill. He enjoys an occasional cigarette with tea, daintily reserved from his athletes and the diving pool and he is forever smiling and smiling.

"As a coach," says Liang, "you must love the athletes as you would your own children. You must care about them deeply, not only for their performance but their overall well-being and personal fulfillment."

The Americans, Soviets, East Germans and Canadians had anticipated sharing the gold, silver and bronze of world diving for years to come, but suddenly they had themselves snatching for the lifelines. The brightest light for Canada was Sylvia Burrier, 18, of Quebec City. Burrier captured a gold and two silvers. Finally achieving her desire "we're here to learn" approach at the conclusion of the Gas-Ann-Mex meets, Liang said, "We must stay ahead of the world." There is every indication that they will.

With Andy Shaw in Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

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Li Zongsheng is a typical threshold unpassage, seemingly unreachably



A crisis of confidence over Dome

By James Flanning

Speculation over the future of Dome Petroleum Ltd. has been swirling around North American financial markets for months. Battered by analysts' reports, investment analysts have pointed on the decline and drain of information released by the Calgary-based energy company regarding the efforts to carry its crippling \$1.6-billion debt.

Will the banks be lenient and reschedule debt payments? Will Dome be able to sell off enough assets to provide the needed cash? Will the federal government step in to bail Dome out? These questions were being asked with increasing urgency as Dome Chairman Jack Gallagher and other executives huddled in private sessions with the company's bankers. Then, last week the patience of many investors ran out. In a wave of panic selling in Toronto and New York, Dome's shares fell, drawing only its value, as investors the company's bond issues took a similar beating.

The increasing role of newsweeklies by investors was triggered by two developments that proved too much for their already jaded nerves. First, a report filed by Dome with the Securities Exchange Commission in the United States revealed that the company's reported loss of \$63.7 million in the first quarter of 1989 did not include \$26.5 million in capitalized interest—a standard accounting practice whereby the interest cost of debt is deferred from the income statement. In Dome's case, this means that its actual loss was much greater, and as a result, according to Wall Street, a liability analyst, the company's cash flow is running close to zero.

Another element adding to the uncertainty was Dome's announcement that it was getting its U.S. assets, worth roughly \$750 million, up for sale. This

move in itself was not surprising—Dome has already sold \$1.6 billion in assets since January and has declared its intention to sell off another \$1.5 billion worth by year's end. But there was growing concern that in the prevailing depressed market conditions, these assets will be difficult to pry in time for Dome to meet its debt obligations. By mid-May the company must come up with \$110 million to pay short-

term debt. Some were considering a plan to sell off assets to raise cash to pay the debt. One was some form of overall tax relief for the oil industry, such as alterations to the petroleum and gas revenue tax, which all companies claim cuts their cash flow by up to 20 per cent.

Also under consideration was a relaxation of the incremental oil reserves tax on old oil. But any such measures are not expected before June, and the committee was also considering immediate steps to aid Dome. The specifics are not known, but observers speculate that they may range from guaranteeing new bank loans to stepping in with cash to buy out Dome assets in the Beaufort Sea.

Dome's demise would deal a tremendous blow to the National Energy Program, which—in the wake of the collapse of the Alcanco mega-project—the government could not afford. Not only had Dome been one of the few oil companies to apply the controversial scheme but significant changes had been made to accommodate it. Specifically, the degree of Canadian ownership necessary for a company to qualify for the full benefit of petroleum incentive grants was dropped from 75 to 65 per cent for Dome's stake. As well, changes were made in the Canada Business Corporations Act that allowed Dome to increase the Canadian ownership of its newly created subsidiary, Dome Canada, by placing restrictions on who could buy shares (i.e., not Americans). This ensured that the subsidiary could get full benefit from tax advantages for Canadian companies.

But the political ramifications of a Dome bailout would be great, given the fact that the federal government is already strapped for cash. (The federal new stands at \$19 billion.) There is also the question of whether or not the government should step into the marketplace to rescue a company largely re-



Drilling in the Beaufort Sea. Dome's decline could deal a tremendous blow

term bank loans by Dec 31 if it has a further \$1 billion of debt to repay.

Some analysts were confidently predicting last week that Dome would be able to raise enough cash through selling assets to scrape by. Alternatively, the four Canadian banks to which Dome owes an estimated \$3 billion were expected to reschedule the debt payments. Maclean's has learned that Dome has requested a loan of \$1 billion. But the most heated speculation centered on what actions the federal government might take to help Dome out.

In a clear indication of just how urgent Dome's problems have become, last week the planning and priorities

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graceful for its own sake. The devastating impact is that when Doane bought Bluebird's Big Oil and Gas Co. (BBOG) last year in a deal that left it \$6.25 million in debt, the company had no way of knowing that the federal government was for (and against) the costly effects of the September, 1982, Ottawa-Alberta energy agreement. However, in the opinion of many observers, the company's misfortune was not its own fault.

Doane, a 40-year-old former investment banker. Who, he insists, did Doane wait several months to make a suitably attractive offer for the remaining shares in 1980 after buying the entire company in 1979? "I don't know," he says. "If I had, it could have raised the cash required to buy out BBOG's minority shareholders by issuing new equity or by selling the company."

Doane's critics, such as Bluebird's president, James Bell, claim Doane delayed a decision and was caught in the dropping revenues which raised oil's cost of extraction. As a result, it ended up acquiring the shares by having the BBOG



Quelques jours, Marc Lalonde, le ministre

them for retractable preferred shares that mature in 1986. Moreover, Dow took out a \$23-million loan from a consortium of banks to be held in trust for paying dividends on the shares and to buy them from its subsidiary. Dow's delay, it is charged, substantially contributed to its debt problems. As well the company is criticised for taking a too much floating-rate debt as opposed to fixed-rate debt.

Whatever the cause, Duen's problems mark a dramatic reversal in the fortunes of Seaford Jack Gallagher. Once investors waited excitedly for his dramatic pronouncements on oil finds in the Beaufort Sea. Last week the focus was that Gallagher's next pronouncement would concern the fate of Duen.

The house that a merger built

According to the principals, their merger was simply a matter of convenience. But when two of Canada's major investment companies, Richardson Securities Ltd. of Winnipeg and Greenfield Inc. of Montreal, announced their marriage last week, many viewed the move as more than a takeover. The reason, under the terms of the agreement—which still requires regulatory approval—Richardson is acquiring 25% of Greenfield's shares. And if that's not the new company's name will include Greenfield, it was clear that the dominant partner will be Richardson. Said Montreal analyst Norman Hershoff: "The surviving entity is Richardson. There's no doubt about that."

While Crownshield is Quebec's leading securities firm, it is also the weak sister of the new company. Swept from a sales decline of 50 per cent in recent months, Crownshield recently trimmed its salaried employees' paychecks by 10 per cent.

"They weren't in immediate trouble," the Winnipeg firm's senior partner, George Richardson, told *Newsweek's* last week. "But they were frightened enough to see [NAC] if they didn't do something they would have been in trouble."

The idea of setting up joint housekeeping—which has been raised at least three times during the past 15 years—could be a source of great strength for the two firms. Says Richardson: "It's a very good fit." Greenfield's President Brian Drans-

mand concerned. While both firms have a reasonable footing in Ontario, Rich and Co. dominates markets in the West and the Maritimes while Greenshield is the leader in Quebec. As well, Rich and Co.'s shop is oriented toward retailing—it is Canada's largest monomarket furniture retailer—while Greenshield is especially strong in money markets and corporate finance. In terms of employees, outlets and services offered the resulting firm will be Canada's largest conventional home. However, the new firm's \$28-million worth of capital (\$2 million of it Rich and Co.'s) ranks it behind Wood Gundy Ltd. and last year's merger creation, Dominion Securities Inc. ■

The moves will likely require some philosophical changes for the two firms.

In the end of Richardson's it could spell the end of pure proprietorship. Since its creation in 1936, the company has been a partnership. Most of its shares have been in the hands of the family's venerable holding company, James Richardson & Sons Limited (which also controls the Premier Grist Co.), with a minor interest held by some company officers. But last week, Richardson's chief executive officer, Francis Lamont, admitted that the system could be on the way out shortly as a new generation of shareholders takes over.

As for Greenfield's operations: will they suddenly, if belatedly, thrust into the electronics age thanks to Richardson's advanced computer system?

While the two firms seem pleased with their deal, some of the companies' 2,200 employees aren't sharing the joy. "From an investor point of view, it's a good match between two companies with a similar philosophy," says Al McLaughlin of the Marquette Invest-



ment Dealers Association. "But whenever two large firms like these merge, you end up with a lot of duplication, and assets are bound to disappear." Although the two firms say the numbers don't already make sense, their family loyalties, says people who are still likely to Toronto's National and London, England.

But Richardson's and Gresham's employees may not be alone if the record shows—and the slump in exchange trading suggests—mergers "more often than not," says Bruce Banting. "If the economy doesn't pick up, if the merger is to come, it's definitely a prelude to more cuts." If true, Canada's investment community should be quite different this fall.

—ALTHEA, with contributions from Carolyn Gossard to Winnipeg and David Thomas to Montreal



A bonanza for Bombardier

The announcement brought smiles to the faces of the most vocal New Yorkers who try to get to work aboard Manhattan's battle-scarred, century-old subway system. For Canada's federal transit officials, who for six months had frantically negotiated the deal with a desperate city, these harsh economic times have come with a sigh of relief. But northern was the "contract of the century" more eagerly trumpeted than is the Derbortner Street head office of the Montreal-based company, Bombardier Inc. One of the largest firms in the world, "The Do" is the world, Bombardier Inc. took part in the international bid for another massive, to \$800-million sale of 800 graffiti-resistant cars to New York's dilapidated subway system in the next few years. The company, owned and managed by Canada's largest manufacturing goods export ever

The debt which is expected to reach \$1 billion by its 1987 completion, will be a shelt in the arms belt to Quebec's recession-strained economy and to Bonaparte's political ambitions. It has been the money since 1980. But there have been important, the role pointed up the southward shift in Quebec's trade policies, which have targeted the northeast United States as a major market for its goods and services. Said Roger Deland, chief of Quebec's North American trade office, "We have been looking for a new handler for the New York contract. A success like that can motivate others." Added Quebec Minister for Economic Development Bernard Landry: "There is something about about trying to reach the 13 million people in the Connecticut area, the 10 million in southern New York, the 10 million in the New York area, a market of 300 million."

The United States is already Quaker's largest international trading partner. Last year almost \$30 billion worth of goods exchanged hands across the bor-

Although Ontario is still the top market for Quebec's goods and services, Quebec's small manufacturers find the established Ontario markets harder to crack and as a result are looking toward the United States with an ever more eager eye.

For one thing, Canadian markets have not only proven significant but unreliable to Quebec's new breed of businessmen. A case in point: last fall Calgary refused to permit Buzharder to bid for a contract on its



Reylight culture financing closed deal

Quebec's bullish interest in the United States has been cultivated by a regional delegation that have been trying to draw up a treaty for Quebec, or by a flurry of senior government ministers who have been abiding between Quebec City and the northern United States over the past three months. In mid-March, Premier René Lévesque flew into Manhattan to sign a \$2.95-billion hydroelectric power contract with the State of New York. With its policies of separatism firmly on a wall banner (which is where slithering Wall Street wants it), Lévesque also took time to wave the flag and sign an interest in his own brand of model sovereignty-association with the United States.

As the Bombardier deal showed, however, Quaker is still resolutely tied to Ottawa's apron strings. Bombardier's bid beat out competing offers from Boeing — a consortium of Boeing

See www.fishbase.org for further information.

[illegible]

South of the border as well the deal came under fire. U.S. labor, industry and politicians accused against awarding the contract to a foreign competitor in times of recession and unemployment. Last month the WHA was involved in the same sort of dispute when it purchased 355 cars from Kawasaki Heavy Industries Ltd. of Japan. (These cars are being sold to the U.S. Coast Guard.) Under the deal, Last week the Reagan administration warned the WHA that it would be stopped with millions of dollars in import penalties if it again went beyond the limits of the agreement. In the Ravich, Rombarhart has agreed to pay any levied penalties, which could amount to \$100 million. The threat cancelled last Friday when Reid said it was not necessary to take any such action. The deal was approved on the grounds that the contract was entered on an unfair foreign financial subsidy. U.S. trade legislation—otherwise known as "Buy American"—bars per-



Whether or not the Runbarrier business spans of state after major U.S. sales for Quebec-based companies, the main to be seen. But one thing is certain: when Real Livingtalk talks about the North-South dialogue, one can only assume the context has changed.

JANE CHICKS, with *idea from David Thomas* as Montreal

A lot of gossips have been nothing but a headache for U.S. First Lady **Nancy Reagan**. It began with the outcry over the \$300,000 dress. Then it was the designer wardrobe. And now Nancy is discovering that diamonds are a girl's worst friend. The half-a-million-dollar worth of ice reportedly for the latest habdash was borrowed 16 months ago from **Nery Winston**, the prestigious New York jewelry firm, for Ronald's inaugural festivities. At the time, company head **Ronald Winston** offered to donate the jewels to the White House if they could be made the centre of a collection worn by first ladies. When they weren't draped around a famous neck or dangling from an earlobe, Winston suggested they could be put on display at the Smithsonian Institution, aka crown jewels in Britain. The idea was moot by White House counsel **Fred Feldman**, who warned that the gift would lead to nasty comments about Queen Nancy. That is just what happened last week when Nancy announced that the rocks had never been returned. The First Lady plans to take them to England next month when she accompanies the president on a 10-day European tour and intends to wear the earrings when **Queen Elizabeth** entertains at Windsor Castle. "Then what will she do with them?" "The two pieces of jewelry now on loan will be returned after the state visit to Great Britain as per agreement with Mr. Winston," her press secretary announced. Nancy is miffed, and Winston is

Kennedy in Ottawa: a political profile



Reagan with her diamonds: a taste for the blue chips

sion is surprised at the flap, pointing out that the diamonds are no different from gifts of furniture and paintings regularly made to the White House. "What should we do with the jewels?" he asked. No doubt some kind and soul soon give Nancy's pet rocks a good home.

That toothy smile, the sparkle of hair and the square jaw are unmistakable. At 29, **Robert Kennedy**'s eldest son, **Joseph**, is a worldly, likeable man. He has also inherited the entrepreneurial skills of his notorious grandfather, **Joe Sr.** But instead of running booze into Boston, **Joseph** is running asphalt all over the benefit of the city's poor. Kennedy's firm, Citizens's Energy Corp., of Boston, buys its own crude oil, refines it and sells the gasoline and chemicals to the same worker. It then ships the fuel oil to Massachusetts for distribution to the poor and the elderly, at 60 per cent cheaper than the market price. In Ottawa last week for talks with Petro-Canada executives, Kennedy claimed his program has benefited about 350,000 families in three years. Notably enough he admits Reaganism for the devastating effect that cutbacks have had on social programs. "The government mobilizes itself from the poor but doesn't provide them with any solu-

tion from the right," he charges. Kennedy's stand may come in handy in any left-wing backlash in 1984. By that time Joe may become the fourth Kennedy to enter the political arena. "If my work provides benefits to the poor we're hampered by legislation," says Kennedy. "I would say 'turn it over to my office.' Then, with a clear conscience, I'd add, 'I don't underestimate the benefits my last name has brought to me.'"

Three years ago **Tai Quach** was in a Malaysian refugee camp filled with thousands of Vietnamese boat people. Today the 37-year-old man who is living with his family in the small town of St. Stephen, N.B., and attending the local high school, where he is showing just how effectively he has made the transition to his new life. Described by



Quach is alive for hope

his math teacher, **Mugh Mughniat**, as the best student he has known in eight years of teaching the subject, Quach recently finished second in a provincial competition sponsored by the Canadian Mathematical Society. The performance put St. Stephen Senior High School at the scholastic map and made Quach eligible for the 14th Canadian Mathematics Olympiad this month. But, even, written by 200 students across the country, proved much tougher. But while he is waiting for his marks Quach can console himself with his \$1,500 scholarship to study electrical engineering at the University of New Brunswick this fall. What isn't like to be a high school "senior," Quach shares. "I find it easier to do science and math than other things. I like logical thinking."

Nicholas Campbell is so convinced by his, and his brother's, in the Canadian film *The American* that his stereotyped by-nerd-on image has been irreversibly shattered. Now playing an intern suspected of murder in *Criminal Minded*, a black comedy starring in his native Toronto, Campbell is re-

hearing for a role in *CR's For the Record* as a psychiatrist. Baker complete with tattoos. Though his character is hard-core enough in *Criminal* (as Campbell describes him as "the kind of guy you see in emergency rooms who's up for 36 hours and looks as if he's probably doing a little speed"), the part was written especially for him. "People have begun to think of me as *Killer Campbell*," the 30-year-old actor laughs. To reward Campbell's leads for the past year, where "the level of communication makes me feel really alive—I come home totally drained." Does he do anything relaxing? "I see every kind of prison movie that comes out." This summer Campbell will star in *One, Two, Three*, a film about a man in a mental institution.



Nicholas Campbell, a terrorist and a 'killer' character

Chrisopher Hyde's first book, about the destruction that follows when a U.S. Marine dies in Vietnam, was entitled *The War of Warring and a Novel*. "It was a very sad situation," says the 30-year-old former journalist. Then he came on the opposite coast in Charlottesville. "There's a lot of people here," he said. "We're going to get used to it." Hyde's latest work, *The American*, is also fictional. But the thriller about the deadly justice of transporting nuclear wastes aboard passenger aircraft is so well-timed with fact. Hyde searched it over a two-year period using the "normal and abnormal means" available to a reporter. "The hard information I got from newspaper editors," says Hyde. "The report at the end told me that would make your hair stand on end, and I did a lot of newspaper research." Hyde believes what he writes. "Lately, I have been once since 1922. I have traveled Canada 27 times by train. Reading across the hill out of the country—I still believe that. Main is going to come down—and doing his best to get rid of air travel, the government has decided to drop from Ottawa fully intends to 'get striking' with within 60 months." He may well succeed. *For the Record*, a book about Hyde's first book, a paperback reprint about a group of people trapped in a 1,200-kilometre tunnel. *Yogaville*, will be published this fall. Another successful thriller, based on a *Ray J. Palmer* character, is planned for next year. After that, Hyde may have another go at the subgenre.

play he suddenly tried to flag when he was only 21. Remember along the line he intends to turn what everyone is calling "high school" into something a little more polished. "Right now I'm writing plot books," he happily admits. "When I get better, I'll write character books."



Sister with Emperor Karl and returning to Austria

The largest ranch in North America, British Columbia's million-acre **Glen Ranch**, is up for sale. **Dale Adams**, the 37-year-old millionaire cowboy whose family bought the property four years ago, says high interest rates are forcing them off the land where some still ride herd on 6,000 cattle. "The large ranches are dying," says Adams. "The land-owning cowboy who spends all his time doing livestock work with horses is a vanishing breed." Like many such huge ranches, the land was originally owned by a group of Englishmen who bought it in the early 1900s and ran it from Australia in Britain. It got its name from the first gangster reported to replace the single-farmers beef-breeder community used by North American settlers. Whether its history or its tradition will matter to the Gang's new buyers, Adams doesn't know. Riding the range with men who stay out for months at a stretch for \$10,000 a month and the compensation of a good horse "taken care of the horse estate effort," he says. "It's a way of life."

She once ruled an empire of 50 million people. But now the muzzled old lady, propped up by walking sticks and drinking nursing, would hardly turn a head. Nevertheless, **Empress Zita**'s inconspicuous return to Austria last week from the Swiss convent where she has lived in seclusion for the past 20 years was a personal triumph that took

60 years to come about. When Zita's husband, Emperor Karl, was exiled from the Hapsburg empire in 1918—ending the family's 600-year reign—Austria declared that only Hapsburgs had the right away to claim the throne and resumed all televisual contact the country again. Zita steadfastly refused. She said it would have been an act of treachery to the memory of her husband, who died in 1922. When one of her eight children, **Prince**

Alfonso, died and was buried in Austria in 1971, she was not allowed to attend the funeral. Finally, to mark her 90th birthday, the Austrian government turned a blind eye. Traveling on a Spanish passport, Zita, the Duchess of Braganza, crossed the border without incident, visited her daughter's grave and returned to the convent. There was little resistance to her visit except for a sense of nostalgia for the ancient empire and its reduction from the government that time indeed does heal all. It may soon allow Zita to return home to stay.

—EDITED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

Unions squeezed against the ropes

By Linda McQuay

With a three-year-old daughter and a pregnant wife, Brendan McFadyen has every reason to fear being laid off. And that possibility could be fast approaching. After almost five years on the assembly line at General Motors in Oshawa, Ont., McFadyen, who earns \$13.75 an hour, may soon find himself out of work as the stamp continues in the auto industry. Yet he is not moved by what seems like a potent threat from his employer: agree to wage concessions or increase his chances of being laid off. "I have only one answer to the ultimatum remains a flat 'no'."

McFadyen's predicament is becoming increasingly common in Canada as more and more companies try to whittle away the wage gains workers have won over the past few decades. Wracked by recessions, companies argue that they have little choice as they see their profit margins collapse. And they are emboldened by the powerful United Auto Workers (UAW), crumbling under similar demands south of the border and serving up pressure tactics to employers.

Increasingly, Canadian workers find that employers are coming to the bargaining table with what some workers call "Detroit fever," bent on winning U.S.-style concessions from workers. And union leaders opposed to concessions must live with the nagging fear that their intransigence may be jeopardizing the very thing they are most committed to protecting: the jobs of the workers they represent. Their alternative offer was 30 years of fighting to boost wages, turning around



B.C. lumber workers: a hard-won 10-percent increase is in jeopardy

and looking the long trek backward. The Canadian Labour Congress gathered for its annual convention in Vancouver this week, already weakened by the recent defection of 500,000 members of the building trades union. This year's record number of Canadian contractors came up for renegotiation, and the timing could hardly be worse. With the economy in its roughest shape since the Depression, labor's leverage in dealing with industry has been dramatically reduced. Yet Canadian labor has vowed not to surrender as hard-won gains. If it remains committed to its defiant

course of action, labor here is likely to find itself on a collision course with industry and with its own union hand-offs in the United States.

Across the country, industries hit by recession are calling on labor to accept less. In B.C. the powerful forest industry, the province's largest employer, is demanding that its workers give up a 10-percent increase due in June—an increase that was won after a bitter six-week strike last summer. Donald Standen, chairman of Forest Industrial Relations Ltd., the industry's negotiating body, says that with the lumber business in the worst situation in living memory, with 20,000 workers already laid off, cutting wage cuts is essential. "If not, we'll have to live with the consequences. There will be an increased number of unemployed," he says. But the United Workers in Northern Ontario, gold miners have been asked to cut their wages and benefits by \$1 an hour before their contract expires.

Even where employers are not seeking actual concessions, they are asking their workers to pare down their expectations considerably. Dave Scott, Premier Jake Roblin pointed to the UAW in the United States as a model of restraint when he chastised workers at Sylvestre Steel Corp. for going on strike last month despite the Crown corporation's severe financial problems.

Some of the most volatile confrontations may be shaping up between governments and their employees. The Quebec government has asked 30,000 of its employees to forgo raises previously negotiated. When their union declined the offer in no uncertain terms, Quebec announced earlier this month that it may have to fire some of its rebellious employees. Brit-

ish Columbia imposed a 10-per-cent ceiling last February on civil servants who had been asking increases of 20 to 30 per cent. And 11 public service unions advised Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau last week that they would consider striking. Finally, if he imposed wage controls on the federal public service.

Employers have made some inroads among nonunionized workers, imposing unilateral cutbacks. But so far Canadian unions have resolutely refused to give up what they have won at the bargaining table—although some have softened their demands for increases. Alone among Canadian labor leaders, the Canadian Teachers' Director, Senator Ed Lawson, a conservative within the union movement, has raised the possibility of concessions.

In B.C. Jack Mann, western Canada's president of the International Brotherhood of America, dismisses industry demands for concessions as "red herrings." Mann blames high interest rates. "The problem isn't wages," he says. "The problem is that they're not selling any wood. But they don't have the courage to publicly ask [Finance Minister Allan] Rock to cut the rate."

Meanwhile, the confrontation likely to be more heated than in Ontario. Unlike his U.S. counterparts, Canadian UAW Director Robert White has come out squarely against concessions. At a convention in Toronto earlier this month UAW delegates unanimously endorsed White's call to fight recessions. But the auto manufacturers have made it clear that they expect the same kind of deal in Canada that they made in the United States. Ford of Canada has indicated that it is prepared to cut an 8.5 per cent strike, if necessary, to bring the UAW to heel. The battle lines are drawn for a showdown this summer during negotiations with the automakers, but the skirmishes have already begun. Last week UAW workers walked out on strike in Toronto after bicycle manufacturer CCM for demanded they accept wage concessions. Other unions and companies are watching closely to see what happens to the UAW's resolve in the summer wars.

If the UAW gives in, the tide will be broken and the pressure on the rest of Canadian labor will only increase. Canadian workers argue that even without concessions, inflation has already taken a heavy toll. After making gains in the early '70s, Canadian workers have fallen behind inflation since 1977. Real wages have dropped by about 10 per cent in the past five years. "Our workers are suffering enough," says Mann of the woodworkers. Still, many workers might be willing to consider cutbacks if they really believed that cutbacks would guarantee their jobs. "In a nutshell—sure," says Ron Williams, a worker at the Oshawa GM

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Autoworker Rick McEachern and family, feeling picked on



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Strikers at Sydney Steel Corporation; scant sympathy from the premier

plant. But they feel concessions offer no real job protection. "If an isn't selling cars, how can they keep people working?" asks Rick McInnes, another Ontario worker.

Twice officials see evidence of just how elusive that job security can be when they look south of the border. Last winter in the auto industry, workers gave up wage increases and benefits worth an estimated \$5,000 per employee over a five-year period, adding up to savings of \$1 billion for Ford and more than \$2 billion for GM. But the widely hailed job protection, an closer examination, offers minimal protection. Some workers at Ford felt betrayed by their union when they renounced the 500-page agreement signed in April and discovered instead in a key provision that supposedly guaranteed that workers with 10 years' seniority would receive half-pay for life if laid off. In fact, the fine print shows the company's obligation is limited to a total payment of \$40 million for the program—which means that if 3,000 employees were to draw on it for a year, the company's obligation would be exhausted.

Ironically, some provisions in the U.S. UAW contract will actually increase the number of layoffs by eliminating a provision that had led to the hiring of extra staff during the '70s. When the auto was eight extra days off per year for each worker in earlier contracts, the automakers had to hire an additional work force of 50,000 in the United States and 5,000 in Canada to compensate. Now, U.S. workers have given up those extra days off, making the additional work force redundant. Bob Andrews, personnel director of GM of Canada, concedes that if Canadian workers

agree to the same provision, some layoffs will result. "Yes, very definitely."

But what workers really fear is that the new contract will get workers again at each other's throats to hold onto the few remaining jobs. According to the U.S. UAW contract, if the company plans to send work outside the plant, the union has 28 days to come up with wage concessions so that "the company will be able to continue to produce without being economically disadvantaged." Workers suspect this means they will compete with each other to work for lower and lower wages.

Workers get a taste of just how low their wages could be slashed last year, when Ford asked employees at its plant in Sheffield, Ala., to accept wage and benefit cuts of 50 per cent. Al Gardner, a worker at one of Ford's six sheet-metal pressing plants in the United States suspects that the company plans to eliminate one of the plants, and management has been approaching each local separately to see how much the workers at each plant are willing to give up. David Mitchell, a spokesman for the union's head office in Detroit, says headquarters has to approve all concessions at the local level and would frown on this kind of piecemeal approach. But Gardner, who helped organize an internal drive against concessions, doesn't trust headquarters and says the competition among workers has already begun. "We're like cannibals with each other now."

McGill University labor economist Bob Ingersoll says a further problem with this kind of downward spiral. The more wages are cut, the more overall buying power is reduced and the more the recession is perpetuated. "This is

certainly what happened in the Depression," Ingersoll says.

Canada's labor's refusal to shed wages voluntarily has been something of an embarrassment to U.S. union leaders. And the pressure from the U.S. head office in Detroit is sure to grow if Canadian negotiations break down and the U.S. office finds itself asked to fend a strike by stubborn Canadians.

Derek Frank, a labor historian at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton, says Canadian labor is less willing to make concessions partly because it felt betrayed in the '70s when the federal government imposed wage controls but left prices largely uncontrolled. "That left them cynical that the economy would ever be regulated in favor of working people," says Frank.

Meanwhile, Canadian workers are be-

ing concerned with more from economists such as Tom Marshall, chief economist of the Confederation Board of Canada, who argue that Canadian labor rates must be reduced if Canada is to remain competitive with the United States. The Canadian IAW responds that because of the devalued dollar its wage levels are still well below the U.S. rates, and Andrews agrees that this is true but says that it is difficult to count on a devalued dollar.

Compacities argue that workers' fears remain the only thing left to fear, since other workers' experiences have already been transmitted to the home. But employers feel frustrated that management will never fully open its books to clarify exactly how corporate funds are being spent. Specifically,

many workers want to be sure their companies will go forward among their jobs rather than financing expansion or enriching shareholders and white-collar staff. Despite promises in the United States that sacrifices would be shared equally, workers at GM got a raise shock after they signed their contract last April. That very day the company announced a new benefits package for its executives. In Canada GM workers got a taste of what may be coming when the union obtained a letter from GM of Canada President David Hackworth to all retired employees. He advised them that despite efforts for increased U.S.

workers, retired employees would still receive increases. Andrews says that the retired employees have already made concessions, but the tone of the memo has left some workers distressed. "You just can't believe them," says Ken Williams.

That mistrust has led some Canadian union leaders to question whether or not some companies are, in fact, oversteering their leadership. "Some employers may have a case," says Peter Cameron, regional vice-president in Vancouver of the Canadian Association of Industrial, Mechanical and Allied Workers (CAIMAW). "But the opportunism of others has created widespread cynicism." Cameron points to one recent case involving a Vancouver wage increase. While seeking wage concessions, it also asked for changes in

seniority provisions that had no real bearing on the company's financial position. "Times are such that workers are feeling betrayed," says John Cameron. "So some companies are saying, 'It's a good time to get out of that kind of contract, on one of the contract'."

The IAW argues that jobs can be best protected not through concessions but through a Canadian content rule that would require foreign producers to hold parts of their cars here or face quotas on imports. And a group of employees at National Hardware in Vancouver, B.C., spent for resolution last week. The company, which had lost money for two years, was put up for sale last December. When there were no bidders, the 75 employees bought the company from Canada's largest bank, the Bank of Montreal.

Meanwhile, labor felt betrayed in all sides by requests to tighten their belts. "We really felt picked on by the press," says Oshawa GM autoworker McInnes. On the other hand, Canadian workers have taken on something of a hero image among U.S. workers, exposed to concessions. "Thank God for the Canadians," says Gardner. "They're sticking pretty tough." If Canadian workers hope to resist pressure from government, industry, the press—and their own union headquarters in the United States—they will have to be very tough indeed. □



IAW's White Ingersoll



GM's Hackworth looks tough



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The bitter legacy of sour gas

By Gillian Stewart

At first, Sean Carpenter seemed like a normal, healthy baby, thriving on the fresh air and sunshine of the wide open spaces near Pincher Creek, a ranching community in southwestern Alberta. But when he was 18 months old, Sean developed a mysterious rash. By the time he reached 20 months, he was prone to fits that made him turn blue, choke and gasp for air. His worried mother, Wendy, a registered nursing assistant, eventually realized that her son's ailments often occurred after fumes whooshed from the stacks of Shell Canada Resources' nearby sour gas processing plant. The flaring, generally an emergency procedure used to burn off pressurized natural gas, was not regular or predictable. But Mrs. Carpenter's worry mounted when she discovered that other children in the area were ill with diarrhea, rashes, vomiting, nosebleeds or fevers at about the same time. Now, 3, Sean is suffering from his sporadic illnesses.

A verdict is imminent on Ontario Energy's application to expand its Egan River operation, already the largest producer of sulphur dioxide in the province. And this fall, hearings should begin as Canadian Occidental's plans to construct a sour gas plant less than 45 km north of Calgary and small towns, farms, ranches and country estates.

The Ottawa-based Canadian Public Health Association was among the first to lead the protests. After holding pub-

lic hearings in Calgary's water supply area and although the strictest health priorities are technical and economic aspects of oil and gas projects, says Shell the groundswell for an expanded sour gas processing plant 40 km west of Calgary, it also recommended that the provincial government do further research on the environmental impact of sulphur dioxide emissions.

The board's decision emphasizes the dilemma facing industry, government and anxious citizens. At this point, no one really knows the long-term effect of sulphur dioxide and other trace substances emitted from the plants on people, animals, vegetation and soil. "We haven't learned anything in the 55 years the gas plants have been in operation, and in most cases as if we're scared to find out," says University of Calgary biochemist Bob Church, whose parents' ranch is downwind from a sour gas plant just north of Calgary. Church's own experiments have already persuaded him that the toxicity of the soil as the ranch has changed radically compared to soil samples taken upwind from the gas plant. But he says that most commercial equipment and monitoring are needed before anyone can understand the long-term ramifications of sour gas plant emissions.

The amount of sulphur dioxide spewed into the air every year by all Alberta industries, including thermal-power plants and oil-sands extraction plants, is less than that emitted by In-sar's Refinery, Ont., refining operation alone. But during the past 10 years, the strictest health standards for sulphur recovery standards. Its stated goal is to decrease the current total level of sulphur dioxide emissions from sour gas plants—about 600 tonnes a day. That means that the new and larger plants will have to recover up to 99 per cent of the sulphur. For environmentalists, however, the issue transcends percentages. Despite a recovery rate of 98 per cent, Centerra Energy's River Bluff plant, Alberta's largest, dumps more than 80,000 tonnes annually. Says

writer and naturalist Andy Russell, who has been fighting the issue for more than 20 years: "As far as we're concerned, it's got to be 99.99-per-cent recovery. The technology to do it is available."

For the petroleum industry the stakes are high. In 1976 it cost Shell \$20 million to increase sulphur recovery to 98.3 per cent at its environmental Pincher Creek plant. Shell estimates that it would cost \$65 million for a 99.5-per-cent recovery rate at the plant west of Calgary which it plans to expand. The company also predicts gross revenues of more than \$7 billion from the plant during the next 30 years. Although most of Alberta's natural gas is sweet and does not contain the toxic hydrogen sulphide in sour gas, such companies as Shell have large stockpiles of sour gas. And they are anxious to get those reserves as streams to feed the province's burgeoning petrochemical industry and the rest of Canada's natural gas demands. Bill Evans, Shell's manager of gas engineering and processing, maintains that since studies done by the company and the government have failed to demonstrate a connection between gas plant emissions and health problems, total sulphur recovery is not necessary.

Other companies, however, are convinced that the sulphur dioxide problem will not be easily dismissed. Gulf, for example, spent two years collecting environmental data and talking to local residents before it applied to the Alberta Energy Development Board to build its \$200-million sour gas processing plant near the eastern slopes of the Rockies. It also plans to set up an extensive monitoring system and has spent more than \$5 million on extra sulphur equipment that will give it a sulphur recovery rate slightly higher than the strictest mandatory 98.3 per cent. "We might as well do it now," says Gillian Earl, a chemical engineer and supervisor of the plant's control system. "It's a lot cheaper than trying to retrofit new equipment after the plant has been built."

Meanwhile, there is no question that the environmentalists are gaining momentum in their fight with Alberta's gas-intensive industry. The Canadian Wildlife Federation recently hired David Evans, a former Calgary school teacher and community activist, to advise individuals and groups concerned about sour gas plants. Evans intends to put people living near gas plants all over the province in touch with each other so they can swap notes. No doubt the painstakingly documented experiences of Wendy Carpenter and other mothers in the Pincher Creek area will make preventive testing for anyone faced with the prospects of a new or expanded sour gas processing plant just up the road. ☐



Carpenter and family (Sean in centre), worrying outbreaks of illness

like using silver pipes near the 90 sour gas processing plants across Alberta, Carpenter believes the culprit is sulphur dioxide—one of the compounds that causes rain burn. Shuttled into the air after the processing plants have stripped readily flammable hydrocarbons from natural gas, it can be sent on to home furnaces, factories and petrochemical plants from E.C. to Quebec, the sulphur dioxide has been blamed for everything from asthma to bad crops in rainy regions.

In the past, the scattered complaints from farmers and ranchers seemed to disappear into the wind. But during the past six months the protesters have finally caught the attention of both a federal agency and the provincial regulatory body that approve all new sour gas plants and sulphur emissions. As a result, government, industry and environmentalists will all be negotiating future decisions by the Alberta Energy Resources Conservation Board (AERB).



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A stir over electroshock

By Jane Rogers

The first day Mel Starkman began teaching in a Toronto high school, he knew he was woefully unprepared. The harder he tried, the worse he got. "I just could not stand up in front of these kids and teach them. There was no way I could teach it." When Starkman became withdrawn and anxious, sinking into a deep depression, his doctor prescribed tranquillizers, which only made him feel worse. After six weeks of "hail," he was hospitalized and underwent a series of electroconvulsive therapy (ECT) treatments in which electrodes were placed on his head, inducing

seizures. It was during the department meetings again.

The wary reaction of the word electroshock elicits horrifying images of a primed Jack Nicholson writing in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. But many electroshock advocates believe that ECTs have been unfairly maligned. Says Dr. Stuart Yudofsky, deputy director of the New York State Psychiatric Institute: "ECTs are safer, faster and more positively rated than any other treatment, including antidepressants."

Contrary to the widely held belief that electroshock is a thing of the past, ECTs are commonly used in at least 36 countries and many more psychiatric

Second, the lack of antidepressant drugs can induce such side effects as high blood pressure and an inability to urinate. Many people, especially the elderly, cannot tolerate the medication. Moreover, when drugs fail to dispel depression's acute symptoms of depression and suicidal tendencies, many psychiatrists resort to ECT. No one knows exactly how ECT works, but some believe that it affects the neurotransmitters, or chemical messengers, in the nervous system. Says Dr. Fred Frankel, a Harvard professor and author of a comprehensive study on ECTs for the APA: "There is ample evidence from top-calibre academic institutions that some cases of treatment-resistant depression do not respond to medication but to ECT."

Today, ECTs hardly resemble the barbaric treatments of 40 years ago in which the convulsing patient thrashed about on the operating table, often breaking bones or tearing ligaments. Instead, ECT patients receive not only an anesthetic—usually sodium penthal— but also a muscle relaxant. The most common method of inducing a therapeutic convulsion is the placement of an electrode on either side of the head. Increasingly, however, doctors no longer administer electricity to the side of the brain that controls speech and thinking.

But opponents—including many senior psychiatrists—remain dubious. Argues Dr. Peter Breggin of Washington, D.C.: "There can be no doubt that ECT is all its forms produce long-term and mental dysfunction." Adds Leonard Roy Frank, author of *The History of Shock Treatment*, who has received 35 ECTs: "With the unilateral method, they have to administer more treatments to create the same effect."

The desired effect is the lifting of the depression. But sometimes, claims Breggin, ECT can precipitate extreme emotional states of euphoria or apathy and even, in severe cases, psychosis. He says that two years of his ECTs have been totally amnesic. "To tell me I had wiped part of my brain clean like a blackboard." If memory loss does occur, counters Harvard psychiatrist Frankel, it disappears after nine months. Still, there is no denying the fact that some doctors have accused ECTs. Indeed, Frankel headed a special task force in Massachusetts to investigate reports that some patients were receiving massive doses of ECTs, from 10 to 120 a year. One private hospital was forced to close.

ECT abuse is one of the main reasons electroshock victims want to see the treatments abolished. Says Frank: "Electricity in the brain is like a bull in a china shop. Whereas the china can be replaced, brain cells can't." ☐

DANCE

Taking care of business



Earl, Nightingale—back on the boards

It is an unfortunate truth that creative efforts are as often frustrated by a lack of financial success as by a deficit of talent. Therefore, it was no surprise when Toronto Dance Theatre threatened to disappear last September under the burden of a \$302,000 deficit and a weighty mortgage on its studio.

The irony would have been a greater tragedy than most, however. The senior statesman of Canadian modern dance, Toronto Dance Theatre has nurtured a generation of dancers in its name and ensemble style; its alumni include Nancy Greenman and Robert Denzler, whose own companies have received some international public acclaim than their alma mater. But most of all, the dancers of the company's three artistic directors—Peter Randome, David Barle and Patricia Beatty—make it worth preserving. Rooted in the privileged techniques of American modern dance pioneer Martha Graham, they explore fundamental personal conflict and emotions, setting the company's repertoire apart from the pop of Anna Wymann's Vancouver company or the wild stretches of Ottawa's La Grappe de Fleurs Repaire.

It was heartening, therefore, when the company made a spectacular reappearance this spring, first with a March evening devoted to the dances of Raudonius (including two performed, followed by an impressive May season at

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Musquin prepared for ECT; no longer the barbaric treatment of 40 years ago

a seizure. "I was given the consent form on the fly as I was entering the treatment room. My son was involuntarily in tears." For the next three years he received alternately antidepressants and ECTs—30 in all—most of which helped him, he claims. Now 41 and drug-free, he believes the ECTs have damaged his ability to retain information. He can't remember telephone numbers or recall songs he used to sing.

While such stories as Starkman's are not new, they are beginning to cause alarm. Norman Kadner, a professor of psychology at York University in Toronto, has just published a book, *Holiday of Darkness*, in which he reveals that he, too, underwent ECT. Unlike Starkman, however, he claims that the 18 treatments he received in a period of a year and a half cured him of his manic depression. "After six treat-

ments, I was clearing the department meetings again."

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Something special in Toronto

hime and capped by a performance last week at the National Arts Centre. That it served up at all is a miracle wrought by Ed Goupelle, the company's general manager since Sept. 18. A former concert pianist, Goupelle brought a tiny computer to bear on the company's donor list to solicit support, ordered some dressmaker measures, including an 11-week layoff for the 15 dancers, and ejected the back into reorganizing their lean. The best vigilance against, but he was determined to "ignore the irresponsible and unadaptable administrative attitudes of the three artistic directors."

Without a doubt, Kierla, Beatty and Randano are notorious for planning seasons on a whim and creating elaborate dances with no eye on financing. But their worth as choreographers is unquestionable. Kierla is a gentle observer who finds inspiration in literature and music. *Blue Nocturne*, seen in both Ottawa and Toronto, is reminiscent of Dante's *Inferno*. In the first movement, sinless bodies convey a vision of death as the ultimate separation. Dantes's other faces are revealed in the middle movements as dancers crawl over each other, groping for air or struggling toward an elusive exit. The dance comes full circle as the dancers walk about with their faces eerily illuminated by flashlight held to their chests.

In the same way, Randano's two pieces for the Toronto program are typical of his work of the past: his primal emotional imagery is still evident, as well as his bare natural bent. In *Enter the Dragon*, Sara Penn is plus-forgo and uses powerful pelvic contractions to recreate on a evening's pleasures and disappointments. *Tempe, Sol gales* has at the posturing of the tango by having four waxy dancers, accompanied by four puppet caricatures of them, fall in love individually—men with men, women with women, both with puppets—and then aggressively start swinging.

The Toronto program also featured *The Removable Opt* by resident choreographer Christopher House. While not in the company's humanist tradition, it allows the dancers to show off a bit with gymnastics and a romantic pas de deux. Once Miryem and Lucie Beaudin are expert technical performers.

In allowing the creative effort to flourish under fiscal reins, Goupelle is hoping to reduce the number of dancers to 12 and to arrange more lucrative tours. The only problem he faces is the continuing fiscal indifference of the three artistic directors. But for the time being they seem content to have Goupelle taking care of business.

—BOYD NEIL

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The ascent of mandarins

THE OTTAWA MEN

By J. L. Granatstein
(Oxford University Press, \$19.95)

Red tape and blurring by front beams made the atmosphere maddening. There was no woe in senior jobs. Officials achieved for promotions and pay increases. A prominent Conservative assailed a "hidden force of government" by bureaucrats, and the *Stoneman* smiled for civil servants who read Soviet books.



Shotton (left) and Pearson in the mid-'60s

The players may have changed but the field and the games endure, as J.L. Granatstein elucidates in his survey of bureaucratic politics in Ottawa between 1955 and 1967. Because of its biographic analysis of policy, the sympathetic look at the origins of Canada's ruling mandarinate is not meant for languid afternoons or order desks. But for aficionados of backroom power it will have a long shelf life. With today's Ottawa mandarinate under fire, Granatstein's central theme is controversial: he asserts that compared to today's mandarins, the GM Boys had much more power.

The theory dramatically discounts the current cult of Ottobureaucrats. But by mixing information and anecdotes from diaries, official papers and the memoirs of those who are still alive, Granatstein leaves no doubt about the influence of the servants of the '60s. These were men of left wing, while moulding women and French Canadians, actually made by things happen. Intriguingly, Granatstein's account sketches the origins of a symbiotic relationship between businessmen and the governing mandarins that endures to this day.

Once assembled in Ottawa at the start of the '50s under the aegis of Old Shotton, the under-secretary of state for external affairs who founded Canada's career civil service, the boys did some real planning together. At the Bank of Canada, Louis Rasminsky became an architect of the new monetary system, tending along the way with the legendary John Maynard Keynes. At External Affairs, senior officials Norman Robertson and Lester Pearson debated the merits of neutrality and isolation as war loomed in Europe. But with Canadian involvement inevitable, they plunged into the muck of forming Prime Minister Mackenzie King to demand a greater Canadian role in allied decision-making. And on the economic front, Bob McLeod, as deputy assistant secretary, presided over the end of laissez-faire in economic policy.

Until the early '60s Granatstein observes, the mandarins were perpetually preoccupied in dealings with politicians. (Although the apple mandarin minds were not above thoughts of self-preservation, Lester Pearson once famously used the promise of a carjag to pry a press release and a bag bag out of Shotton at External.) But Jack Pickersill put an end to bureaucratic party. After arriving from External to the Prime Minister's Office as the eventual principal secretary, where he served

Mackenzie King and Louis St. Laurent, he wrote a campaign literature and major policies. When Pickersill moved into the Liberal cabinet in 1963, Pearson was already there. The transition, Granatstein concludes, "confirmed the growing opinion that the civil service had become the backbone of the Liberal party."

Granatstein's study, also, does not embrace Pierre Trudeau's vision in the cabinet office during the late '60s as the dawning of modern-day practitioners. Of the new breed, Granatstein says only that they "were incapable of affecting national problems." At least in this respect, the transformation of today are a lesson with the Liberals—as well as showing the same old sad.

—ROBERT LEWIS

Kind uncle to a young literature

WILLIAM ARTHUR DEACON
By Clara Thomas and John Lennan
(University of Toronto Press, \$12.95)

None is forgotten so quickly as a dead critic. William Arthur Deacon spent almost 40 years as a literary editor, first of the magazine *Saturday Night* (1959-'68), then of two Toronto newspapers, *The Mail and Star* (1968-'76) and *The Globe and Mail* (1976-'80). By the time of his retirement, it would have been difficult to find anyone more firmly entrenched in the cultural establishment of Canada. But a mere five years after his death, Deacon is a fading name.

The biographers, Clara Thomas and John Lennan, have worked valiantly to resurrect his struggles and achievements. But what remains in the end is the end of the biography is an eccentric bundle of contradictions: the Macleod lawyer with no formal literary training who became the country's only professional book reviewer, the quirky individual who looked forward to state socialist over *Radio City*, the musical Michael who dined at *Thompson's*, and the long man who wrote long, detailed letters to his widowed mother but only saw her twice during the last 25 years of his life.

His eccentricity is a gift to his biographers. Thomas and Lennan show as clearly, however, in order too deeply into Deacon's personal life. They usually write with a subtle satirical acuity which at times borders on self-censorship. The young Deacon caused a scandal by fleeing Winnipeg (and his wife, Gladys) in the midst of an affair with Sally Townsend Young. We are told only in a footnote that Sally was already the mother of three children in 1930, this

must have magnified the scandal enormously (he married her as soon as possible). But although Sally was an articulate and sensitive woman, she appears only a handful of times in the book.

Indeed, the main theme of William Arthur Deacon is not so much the behavior of his principal character as the gradual development of a Canadian literary culture. A prolific correspondent, he also played the committee work that every writer must and worked in dozens of practical ways to improve the literature, from the establishment of the Council of Canada for Literature to a long battle against censorship. As well, Deacon offered valuable criticism, advice and encouragement to such writers as Hugh MacLennan, R.C. Pratt, Gabrielle Roy and Thomas Raddall.

When he began his career, Deacon had expected to take his place in the forefront of Canadian writers. But constant pressure of work combined with recurrent financial worries and an overdose of literary politicking drained much of the wit out of him. After the struggle of the Depression, his sense of adventure died away. Despite the authors' sympathy for their subject, William Arthur Deacon can easily be read as a cautionary tale, anybody who achieves almost 1,800 books in a single ten-year stretch can't help but lose his dreams. The reader is that Deacon maintained any sort and love of literature at all. Nevertheless, even in the most hectic hours of a frantic career, Bill Deacon never forgot the true basic of all his work: "The influence of books has been breaking. On books our whole civilization rests." —MARK ADLER

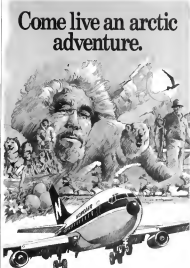
MACLEOD'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Penfold Menace*, Ludlum (5)
- 2 *The Gun Train*, Deacon (3)
- 3 *North and South*, Deacon (4)
- 4 *An Indecent Obsession*, McCall (2)
- 5 *The Macleod Coast*, Thomas (4)
- 6 *The Endless Sea*, Deacon (3)
- 7 *The Man From St. Petersburg*, Deacon (3)
- 8 *Sable River*, Deacon (3)
- 9 *The Broken Wife*, Deacon (3)
- 10 *The Broken Wife*, Deacon (3)

Nonfiction

- 1 *John Deacon's Workbook*, Deacon (3)
- 2 *The Body Blood and the Body Girl*, Deacon (3)
- 3 *The Country Life Book of Deacon*, Deacon (3)
- 4 *The Great God*, Deacon (3)
- 5 *The Ampleforth*, Deacon (3)
- 6 *Years of Upheaval*, Deacon (3)
- 7 *Letters*, Deacon (3)
- 8 *Life in the North*, Deacon (3)
- 9 *The Broken Wife*, Deacon (3)
- 10 *The Broken Wife*, Deacon (3)



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FOR THE RECORD

Rowdies and rhetoricians

SOME KINDA FUN
Tenage Head
(Atco/Quality)

The members of Tenage Head, the lilmuses of the North, are punk survivors who keep alive the 'howsore tradition. This album is more creatively produced and less distant than the previous two, but Frankie Versus still sings authoritatively about triple eyes and "abag shacks." The band churns out speedy tunes (such as *Tenage Beer Drinking Party*) that breathily combine '80s rockability and '60s surf sounds with a splash of '70s heavy metal. In fact, they have consistently impassioned, sub-urban yahoos for so long that the stance (if indeed it is a stance) is no longer funny. Although Versus evokes sympathy for small-time losers in *Rock Little Man* and *Put to Pain*, he has proven this talent before. Unfortunately, he has yet to prove himself capable of progress. As convincingly as he can deliver a line such as "I eat with my hands and I don't wash my face, what do I know?" Versus has simply played the class clown too long.

NO STRANGER TO DANGER
Popgod
(A&M)

Vancouver's Popgod are not such shalmsure newbies as Tenage Head. There are echoes of Nick Lowe's pure pop in *Some Old Song* and of Ian Dury's cockney rhythm in *More*, but mostly this quartet goes in for the political messiness of *The Clash*. The distinguishing feature of the Popgod is lead singer and songwriter Paul Hyde's belling and peeling about no money, no bars, no future, no escape, all the while he tries hard to sound sincere, conscientious and angry. Former David Bowie sideman Mark Ronson's snazzy production tries to ease drama out of Hyde's selfish rhapsodies. However, not even Ronson can salvage such son's sum as the simple-minded *Remember*, about a flower child's disillusionment, or *Hastings Street*, a lyric to dietary paroxysms of the conventional. "You living in a sewer from a soap show" kind. Part of Vancouver's early punk scene, this band formerly displayed rage and potential. They now wallow in the hollow self-importance that punk was originally designed to deflate.

—DAVID LIVINGSTONE



FILMS

A heart finds a home in hard times

ANISSE

Directed by John Huston

L ong touted as "the movie for the '80s," *Anisette* is just that, delivering its tribute to the powers of optimism during tough times. Movie musicians did the same thing during the Depression, the story's setting. The message embodied in the song *Tenage*—that things will get better with the arrival of a new day—falls upon eager ears. The Broadway musical was a can't-miss conception an orphan and her dog from the funny pages come from an Oliver Twist atmosphere of beloved muggins and their mean overseer co live with a tycooness. Add one hit tune and the result is a theatrical phenomenon, yet all this on video-screen and you have a movie that may well be around long enough on its first run to play the moon eventually.

The success of *Anisette* as pop entertainment rests on the actress playing Anisette herself. Adrien Quares is the best thing under four feet tall to happen to the movies since Margaret O'Brien kicked the heads off all the moonmen in *Meet Me At St. Louis*. Director John Huston has made an incredibly sophisticated performance from her re-

strained, thoughtful, self-aware, but swelling presence. From the first shot, as the camera moves up to a window to focus her singing *Maybe*, we're in contact with a small and, she's blessed with an innate confidence, yet she can be two-faced when the occasion calls for it. Her emotional range is extraordinary. John Huston has never made a musical as big and distinguished as *Anisette*. Nonetheless, he seems to have an instinctive feel for it. His camera choreographs the musical numbers with lightning tactics, from *Maybe* eye-balls to rhythmically graceful tracking shots. But he also understands that the best musical numbers express what the characters can't in mere speech. When Anisette arrives at the mansion of billionaire Buddy Warbucks (Albert Finney), wiping her feet on an ornate rug as she enters, the production number carries her exuberance.

Perhaps the highlight is the Let's Go in the Mamas number. Warbucks and his secretary, Grace (Ann Reinking of the well-known *Tap*), take Anisette to see Garbo in *Casablanca* at Radio City Music Hall, based out for the evening for just the three of them. At the end of it Grace is weeping, Buddy Warbucks is stunned and Anisette is crying. It's Huston's way

of telling us that he knows the difference: splash movies end on people.

A man of great taste as well as wit, Huston doesn't sentimentalize the orphan who, against, were usually too cute to be allowed to live. Their bag number, *It's the Heartbreak Song*, is a lucky and sincere affair. The supports are not heart-breaking tales—their is a mix, like *Robert and Mary* in Huston's *The African Queen*. The director has found the music in the musical's form but he doesn't let himself go too far. An example is the ending of Albert Finney as Warbucks. Bald-pated and, at first, businesslike, Finney later warms to the job without reaching an avuncular goodness.

Less fortunate is Carol Burnett as the head of the orphanage, the gas-sucking and mean-spirited Miss Hannigan. ("I don't hear happiness in here!" she screams bitterly.) As expensive as Burnett can be, she softens the character too much with the familiarity of her own years from TV—too much of *Fun* and her movie persona she should take lessons from Finney in how to breathe life subtly into what is essentially a cartoon. As her cohorts in the abduction of Anisette, Tim Curry and Benadict Peters were more charac-

Every great Caesar has a silent partner.

shooting—they're not nearly threatening enough.

For the most part, *Amos* honors its come-strap heritage, despite its often predictably pastel cinematography. Unfortunately, the overall restriction that has been exerted in bringing the big Broadway baby to the screen is the movie's fatal wound: it is a less-than-riveting finale. It's as though Hinton was so leery of the obvious sentimental traps in the material that he pulled back too much. *Disappearing Act*, the man who has made movies as disparate as *The Mother Fucker*, *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *The Shiner* and *The Man Who Would Be King* still has a few tricks up his sleeve. Directing his first musical, he's like a kid let loose in a big meadow—and has lots of flying high.

Shoot-out at the apocalyptic corral

THE ROAD WARRIOR
Directed by George Miller

Set in the wasteland of the future after the world has well-nigh annihilated itself, *The Road Warrior* seems along with the charge of a roadster that has a maniac behind the wheel. Although this Australian movie is a sequel, it has the same zip and slam-bang action-movie prowess as its predecessor, 1979's *Mad Max*. Former highway patrolman Max (Mel Gibson) loses his wife and child and becomes a scavenger like everybody else, hunting for pieces of food. His only loyalty is to himself and a manny man who comes in useful during attacks by the Humungus (Kjell Nilsson), a terrifying gang leader and muscular lunk like a horse, most of them wearing insignia cuts, a symbol of their identity. They're the bad guys. Max is Shane and *The Road Warrior* is a pure western in leather and rage.

In director George Miller's apocalyptic vision, all the world's a trap making playing possum. Nonetheless, a nattering conceit that slices through Seth as easily as it does the air. The Humungus and friends have murdered a fat pumper out of, populated by a few who want to colonize the wilderness: it's the Indians enrolling the covered wagons. Max is faced with the moral responsibility of leading those inside a band. At first he does so to get fuel, but later has to decide to target troops deeply rooted sorrows and "stop living off the corpse of the old world."

The moral alternatives of *The Road Warrior* are as simplistic as its plot, but Miller's daring techniques makes the blood rise. The movie is a battlefield of



Gibson: like to say, plenty to show

best-of cars and bikes, shot from angles to suggest the monsters. Propelled by Russ May's score (shared from Garret Brown and John Williams), *The Road Warrior* rumbles headlong toward its final destination—a set piece in which Max drives an oil tanker through the waiting attackers and the chase begins. With little to say but plenty to show, *The Road Warrior* moves as quickly as any action movie should, doing more than a few wheelies along the way.

Tying together old gumshoes

DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID
Directed by Carl Reiner

The idea behind *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*—having a gumshoe on the order of Sam Spide or Philo Marlowe literally interact with characters from hard-boiled movies of the '40s—is a highly original one. So was the plot. The detective, Nipky Reardon (played by Steve Martin), is hired by a "dill-fart" (Kathie Ward) to look into his father's death, which she believes involved Jack. The people Reardon questions are actually stars from '40s films, their scene edited

into the movie proper. Reardon makes a phone call to the dill-fart's sister, and it's Barbara Stanwyck from *Sorry, Wrong Number* on the other end, beaming a look for information, and it's Ray Milland in *The Lost Weekend* he dresses in drag to seduce someone in a supermarket, and it's Fred MacMurray planning to rush to see *Double Indemnity*.

Shot in glorious black and white by Michael Chapman, who performed the same services for *Magnum, P.I.*, the two scenes in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* match those clipped from the old movies in lighting and design terms but don't in the quality of prose texture. This is the movie's smaller problem, the larger one is the lack of tone in all this intermingling. The old clips aren't an attempt at camp or spoof and certainly don't clarify the dumb plotting. Is writing the script, Martin, Carl Reiner and George Cipe have made the mistake of wiffing around the old scenes rather than fusing a clever detective mystery and then fading the old clips to match. *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* put the cart before the horse to start.

It's a fairly flawless experience, copped by the overwhelming quantity of Steve Martin, who has become the pet rock of actors, his deadpan look is the next thing to expressiveness. *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* duplicates its accidents by duplicating them. As old timer Melvyn Ross's mouse swells underneath, it grows for the part as represented by Vincent, Luke, Baryton, Bette Davis and the rest. In movie theaters that yearning will have plenty of company.

—LAURENCE O'TOOLE

Martin as original as a pet rock



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THEATRE

Ravaged by high winds

THE GAYDEN CEIMONICLES

By Michael Cook
Directed by Marisa Andre

The acid test of historical drama is whether or not the play transmits its medieval sources into theatrical gold. Twelve years ago Newfoundland playwright Michael Cook discovered the diary of William Gayden, a British seaman court-martialled for mutiny and hanged in St. John's in 1812. Gayden was a Byron of the lower decks, ferociously perceiving the revolutionary gospel of equality in His Majesty's navy, taking occasional time off for whoring and murder. Cook's portrait of this (re)naissance hero was first presented in Canada last year by Regina's Globe Theatre, and a revised version has now opened at Toronto's Theatre Plus.

Unfortunately, Cook has failed to absorb Gayden as Shakespeare did Hamlet, though not for want of trying. The concept is apt, the language poetic and visceral, and Terry Guerin's set is magnificent. All that's missing is the director, in the absence of any plot, Gayden's ranting about social injustice quickly falls, despite Philip Crosby's supercharged performance.

Cook occasionally hints that Gayden embodied apertures far more complex than his peevish politics, but the playwright fails to plumb these psychic depths. What makes Gayden most interesting is that he wrote it all down. This seemingly irrational form, which inspired excitement in his shipmates, also sealed the social responsibilities attendant upon revolution. Although Gayden's diary repeats him at the court-martial, it moves the admiral to cry and integrate his wildly apocryphal to the ending social order. The admiral's offer to make him an officer, and Gayden's refusal, is the play's true nature. However, it is too late to salvage the ponderous wreck preceding it.

The significant threat and the role of songs and choruses make suggest *Illyria* as a model, but director Marisa Andre has remained too faithful to the text, underlining its high-brow excesses. Without true or at least dramatic soul, poetic drama inevitably separates into gutter and myth. The true myth in Gayden's chronicle remains undisputed—perhaps Michael Cook should mine again.

—MARK CHAMBERS

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Rhythms of the Canadian landscape

Learning the dissolution of the Group of Seven in 1953, A.Y. Jackson later recalled that they had come together "because we felt that art in Canada was mild and ineffective." Born out of rebellion, the group itself eventually became the Canadian tradition. Its influence has been long and pervasive, a stranglehold from which Canadian painters and the Canadian public are only lately to escape.

Indeed, retrospective of Jackson's work has prevented a clear assessment of his role in Canadian art. His profile output of postcard settings in snow-covered rural Quebec or the Georgian Bay region has been elevated to mythic proportions by some who consider him one who interprets the Canadian scene to others; more than Sunday paintings, that one fact is indisputable: Jackson was a nationalist and sought to convey his particular pride in his country. He attempted to capture the rhythms of the land, and it is in these that curator Dennis Reid has highlighted in *Alberta Rhythms: The Later Works of A.Y. Jackson*, currently at the Art Gallery of Ontario and travelling to Calgary's Glenbow Museum in July.



"Alberta Rhythms" a patriotism revealed by a sense of power and harmony

With this exhibit, Reid is taking a major step in re-evaluating and possibly de-mythologizing Jackson. The 51 canvases, oil sketches and drawings from 1913 to 1968 catalogue the painter's mature work, and try to convey the swirling sense of Quebec, the rolling hills of Great Bear Lake, the dry, undulating terrain along the Alaska Highway and the rugged glaciers of the Arctic. The pivotal point of the exhibition is the year 1946, when Jackson painted the large canvas *Alberta Rhythms*. The early works *Algonia*, November (1934 and 1935) unconsciously anticipate it, with their large expanses of striated grey sky threatening to erupt into stormy chaos. In *Algonia*, Jackson shows, Alberta (1951) and its related panel, *Moosehorn Route*, Jackson ordered the undulating and furrowed road, fields and hills into an organic whole—a moment's interpretation

Although these works capture the land's power and come close to conveying the spirit of place, Jackson never quite penetrated through, the way Lauren Harris did, to an elevated, spiritual vision. Harris tended to capture the light of a place, Jackson, the earth. In fact, Jackson's emotional response led to sentimentality as well. Just how wide of the mark he could be is evident in the classic technique and occasional, seashore colors of *Early Snow*, Alberta (1937). None of Reid's remarks about this painting's "sweeping abstraction" redeems it. It is merely disheartening.

By concentrating on the mood of the

foreground and rising gradually over and through the undulating contours of the foothills and rocks to a sunset and a Postimpressionistic sky of reds and blues, Earth's formations and light's illuminations and shading combine in a powerful rendering of the Alberta terrain.

The works that succeed this canvas are an anticlimax. The sketches and canvases of the '50s and '60s, especially those of the Georgian Bay area, are in no way magnetic. His application of paint is loose, often approaching chaos, and the colors are garish. At times they are harsh, unmoderate and frequently close to paint-by-number. Dennis Reid

refuses to accept a decline in Jackson's work, yet the evidence is before us. *Winter Road*, St. Charles de Mission (1952), *Georgian Bay*, Algonia (1955) and *Mont-Terres Bay*, Lake Athabasca, Saskatchewan (1957). These are detailed landscapes that lack the grander scope of his larger canvases, the rock-scram fields, picketed wood and grassy hills are the antithesis of the loose, rhythmic, barren Algonia pastures.

However, there was a resurgence of his powers when, at the age of 83, Jackson made a trip to the Arctic. *Panoramic Glacier*, Sharnup (1965) possesses a power that shades some of his largest works. Here Jackson was concerned with recording much of the foreground detail, but in capturing the spirit of the sky, mountains and glaciers. That such a sense of power of place could recover in the last career is a remarkable gift. By isolating a few of his best outpourings of paintings and focusing on this specific period, Reid allows even the most casual viewer the chance to witness Jackson's strengths—and, as importantly, his weaknesses.

For the moment, old prejudices will probably linger—his supporters will cling to the former, his detractors to the latter, but the objective viewer will see Jackson as a good, sometimes uneven, painter who was much absorbed by the Canadian landscape.

—MARSHALL WEISS

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A companionable newspaper

By Allan Fotheringham

A society, if it is to survive, must have a common identity, some roots, some concrete in the basement. There must be poles we can all cling to, some glue that holds us together as a nation. It has long been established that a mature country needs, among other things, a national press to transmit common thoughts throughout the land. It is what has made Britain such a first-rate nation, a tiny country with a large population that reads, from Land's End to John O'Groats every day, all the na-

French extraction seeks to meet very selective, efficient exercises for discreet daytime commuters. Please reply with phone number re Box 2706, *The Globe*.

What happened in Canada's national newspaper? The glue that was going to bind us all together? It's becoming very pliable glue. What do they do in discreet afternoon commuters in Toronto, one hesitates to believe, daily? More doublethinkers? A look at the Blue Jays should indeed be discreet, for fear friends would question your taste. The thought that satellites and Lord Thomson's oil are being used for this method



tion's daily *Globe*, because of its sprawling geography spread over five and a half time zones (the world will end at midnight in Newfoundland, at 12:00) has always been devoted to the swirling forces. That is, until the magic of the satellite and Lord Thomson's North Sea oil strikes brought us our first truly national newspaper. *The Globe* and *Mail* of Toronto.

Blossing its electronic wonders off a satellite into printing plants in Vancouver, Calgary, Ottawa, Montreal and way south, the *Globe* now proudly flaunts its title as the national newspaper, source of moral, confidence of tone, dripping in the dignity of Lord Thomson's oil. What then, does this new *Globe* offer?

Attractive, shapely redheads, 50, sends a general harassment for discreet afternoon commuters. *Redhead* phone number Box 2324, *The Globe*.

The eye boggles. What is the redhead doing in the classified section just beneath Education? School, College, Tuition and ahead of Gas Barter—get 60 to 200 miles per gallon car/bike? Is she offering discreet Barter lessons or a primer in Latin verbs? Tips in lubrication or a motor overhaul? How much of your car could she really save? Astonished, a reader fights his way through the daily columns of Question Period and the Report on Business. Back behind all these color-column pictures of day-jawed executives getting promotion at Amalgamated Widget, we find

Remarkably gorgeous blonde of Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for *Southern News*.

of bringing the nation together should concern our journalism schools and perhaps Senator Kim Dwyer. Where is Tom Kent when we need him? Would Ray Thomson, whose only discreet afternoon encounter was with his wife, approve of the way his fortune is being used to enrich shapely redheads and marginally handsome blondes? One doesn't strain.

Sky wait. The benedictions are not, it turns out, the only lovely sex.

Generous gentlemen looking for discreet afternoon encounters with cool, young, preferably married lady Box 3546, *The Globe*.

That's not surprising, in this generous gentlemen are also grateful for the Thomson empire's venture into keeping the nation together. But why aren't the civil liberties people into this? Doesn't this all disservice against single in-laws? What's wrong with marriage? When last we left this type of personal ad, they used to specify such disclaimers as "no triflers please" and "matrimony intended."

A parcel of ordinary, non-saleable Canadian newspapers indicates that the firm hand of the classified ad manager still rules and the hourly benefits have still survived. Not in Canada's national sister.

Gay Montreal honest male in business likes outdoor wilderness Sounds more like indoor wilderness instead of

Good-looking, bright, well-educated, outgoing, young, bisexual male seeks confident, generous, mature male or female for discretion-assured activities. Box 2327, *The Globe*.

It's a jungle out there in the lonely life of the upwardly rising executive that the *Globe* appeals to. On a typical day last week, there were 50 such ads. My favorite:

Middle-aged business man, late 40s, successful, well traveled, attractive and charming seeks friendship with beautiful or at least very attractive pleasure lady, 30-40, for fun times at his mountain or going to the dogs, evenings or weekends. Send snapshot and phone number. Will answer all replies. Box 2315, *The Globe*.

As attached advertisement will hardly find in ordinary papers, one must admit. Our national newspaper, branching out, helps those who cannot make it in Toronto (416) 593-7011 morning, late, evening service. Call Nancy Edmonson (416) 499-3425 (416) 416-7011—Ottawa's first. Local calls only (416) 745-5881. Sex by satellite. Now one understands the forward moves as all these businessmen deep in their national newspaper for Canada's Consumer sent. They're not looking for management positions, they're looking for management, w, positions. The imagination runs wild.

Summer snapshots with Varga-girl looks better problems 30-40 with sunny, summers and maturity. Box 2615, *The Globe*.

Let's see Allan MacIsaac has money and maturity, but no money. Pierre Trudeau has money, maturity and money, though he doesn't always use them. Is there any 30-year-old who doesn't have maturity? Would Ray Thomson approve of all this? Does his sex read? Answer any of the above.

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